



No. 255.—Vol. XX.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1897.

SIXPENCE.  
By Post, 6<sup>d</sup>.



MRS. BROWN-POTTER AS CHARLOTTE CORDAY, AT THE GRAND THEATRE, ISLINGTON.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BARNETT, FALK STUDIOS, MELBOURNE.



## THE PASSING OF WILLIAM BLAKELEY.

The turf which was turned in Fulham Cemetery on Monday closed much more than the mortal remains of Mr. William Blakeley, who died at



MR. BLAKELEY IN "THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP."  
*Photo by Tate, Cheapside.*

his residence, Criterion House, Clovelly Terrace, Walham Green, on Wednesday. London has lost an irreplaceable source of gaiety, for while there are other comedians left us, we have nobody quite like Mr. Blakeley. He was born sixty-seven years ago. That is a fairly long age for the player; but the years only broadened his smile and made his characteristics more pronounced, and therefore more amusing. He was born to act. All other actors are "intended for the law"; but, as Mr. Blakeley once said to the indomitable interviewer, "I was originally intended for what I am." Therefore it was natural that he should act when there was no salary: that is to say, he began with amateur societies, encountering his future manager, the handsome young Mr. Wyndham, in that strange world of throbbing aspirations. He used to appear at the Soho Theatre, now the Royalty, where fifty years later he helped to make the reputation of the Bouchiers. He earned his first salary at the Theatre Royal, Dublin, in "The Evil Genius," and then appeared in York, where he took Mr. Leclercq's advice to heart—"You stick to old men, Blakeley." Liverpool annexed him for seven years, then he migrated to Nye Chart's house at Brighton. Had he lived until Christmas he would have celebrated the thirtieth anniversary of his introduction to the London stage, when he appeared at the famous Prince of Wales's Theatre with the Bancrofts in Dion Boucicault's "How She Loved Him." He treasured to the last a silver tobacco-box which Lady Bancroft gave him in the days when she was *not* in Sir Bernard Burke's Valhalla. He accompanied Sothorn to America, and in 1870 he supported Miss Bateman in "Mary Warner," while his appearance as Sampson Brass in Andrew Halliday's adaptation of "The Old Curiosity Shop," at the Olympic, was particularly successful.

But it is his association with Mr. Wyndham, which followed and continued for about twenty years, that is the most memorable part of his long career. His Vanderpump, the deaf old man in "Brighton" (his favourite part), his Birkett in "Betsy," and his Smith in "David Garrick," are familiar portraits to everybody who has followed the history of the Criterion Theatre, after which, by the way, he affectionately christened his house at Walham Green. In 1895 he was at Daly's in "An Artist's Model," playing Smoggins, the smallest part of his late career for the biggest salary. Then he played with the Bouchiers, at the Royalty, and accompanied them to America. His latest appearance was made at the Criterion last July, when, it is hardly necessary to say, he was very funny as the old man in "Four Little Girls."

Mr. Blakeley's mannerisms were all his own. His face was his fortune—a rotund, mobile face, with laughter inherent in the curves of the lips. His unctuousness was delicious—that large, inoffensive unctuousness which pervaded every part he played and made everything pardonable. His wicked old gentlemen were delightfully wicked. It is difficult to describe to those who have not seen him—such is the essential melancholy of the actor's art—those thousand-and-one little tricks of his which never became irritating, except perhaps to one or two superior young men who write theatrical criticism. His mannerisms will not readily be forgotten—that curious raising of the hand (precisely like Mr. Gilbert's "Three Little Maids") and the delightful ungainliness of some of his postures. His luxurious Gladstone collar appeared in all modern plays. Shaksperes came and went; stand-up, turn-downs, might fascinate the town, but Mr. Blakeley's Gladstonian remained ever to proclaim his identity. Then there was his voice—the hop, skip, and jump asides, and, most of all, his look, that indescribable look which alternated between extreme innocence and knowingness. Nobody could look so shocked as he.



MR. BLAKELEY IN "THE CHILI WIDOW."  
*Photo by Martin and Sallnow, Strand.*

That was a perfect lesson in facial expression. In short, it rarely was what he said, but the curious way he said it. Londoners would call that way "saucy"; if you do not know the precise meaning of that word, as used in Cockaigne, it is useless to attempt to define Mr. Blakeley's methods. The photographs of him herewith reproduced indicate some of his more familiar mannerisms and attitudes, but they cannot realise the intensely comic spirit of Mr. Blakeley's art.

And yet Mr. Blakeley never seemed to be acting at all. Everything he did was without effort. Thus, his gags, which used to convulse his colleagues, were perfectly natural, and his confidential little ways were only a reflex of the fact that, in private life, he was a rare raconteur. He was a kindly, affectionate man, ever ready to help the needy. Indeed, the down-at-heel mummer made a point of waiting about the stage-door of any theatre where Mr. Blakeley happened to be engaged, for he was always sure of extracting a half-crown. He was very popular with his brother-actors, and was specially devoted to Mr. Wyndham. A few days before the end, Mr. Wyndham wrote him a long letter, beginning "Dear Old Friend," and expressing the hope that he would yet be among his old comrades again. Mr. Blakeley insisted on this letter being placed under his pillow, and, with his old manager's letter beneath his head, he quietly and peacefully breathed his last. He had many amusing reminiscences about Sir Henry Irving, whom he knew in the days when the latter was struggling for recognition. Among his many admirers was the Duchess of Teck, who always made a point of seeing him in any play in which he had a part. His



MR. BLAKELEY AS VANDERPUMP IN "BRIGHTON."

*Photo by Falk, New York.*

work was all intensely good-humoured, and his humour was infectious. Mr. Blakeley leaves two sons, William and James, the latter of whom inherits much of his father's ability.



## A MODERN BRITON.

Quite a few years ago, if you wished to visit the Cape, the largest steamers of the two regular lines which could take you were vessels of some 4000 tons, and the journey was a matter of three weeks. To-day you can go by that magnificent new vessel of the Union Company, the *Briton*, whose tonnage is over 10,000 tons—to be accurate, 10,248—and she will accomplish the journey in little over a fortnight. Built by Messrs. Harland and Wolff, of Belfast, already famous as the builders of the *Teutonic* and *Majestic*, she is a model of comfort and efficiency among first-class passenger steamers.

Her length is 530 feet, while her breadth is 60 feet, a greater proportionate breadth than would have been the case had she been designed to go through the Suez Canal or to race across the Atlantic. Her depth from upper deck to keel is 40 feet, and her hull is painted white, a great advantage when passing through the tropics. Her two funnels, set well apart, and three yacht-like poles give her a stately appearance, and contrast to advantage with the factory-like look of some of the Atlantic steamers with their three or four funnels in line.

To show the enormous amount of material and labour necessary to the building of a first-class passenger steamer, it may be mentioned that in the hull alone are 5600 tons of steel, for the *Briton's* plates average an inch in thickness, and she has a double bottom, intended not only to provide for water ballast, but for the safety of the vessel should her keel

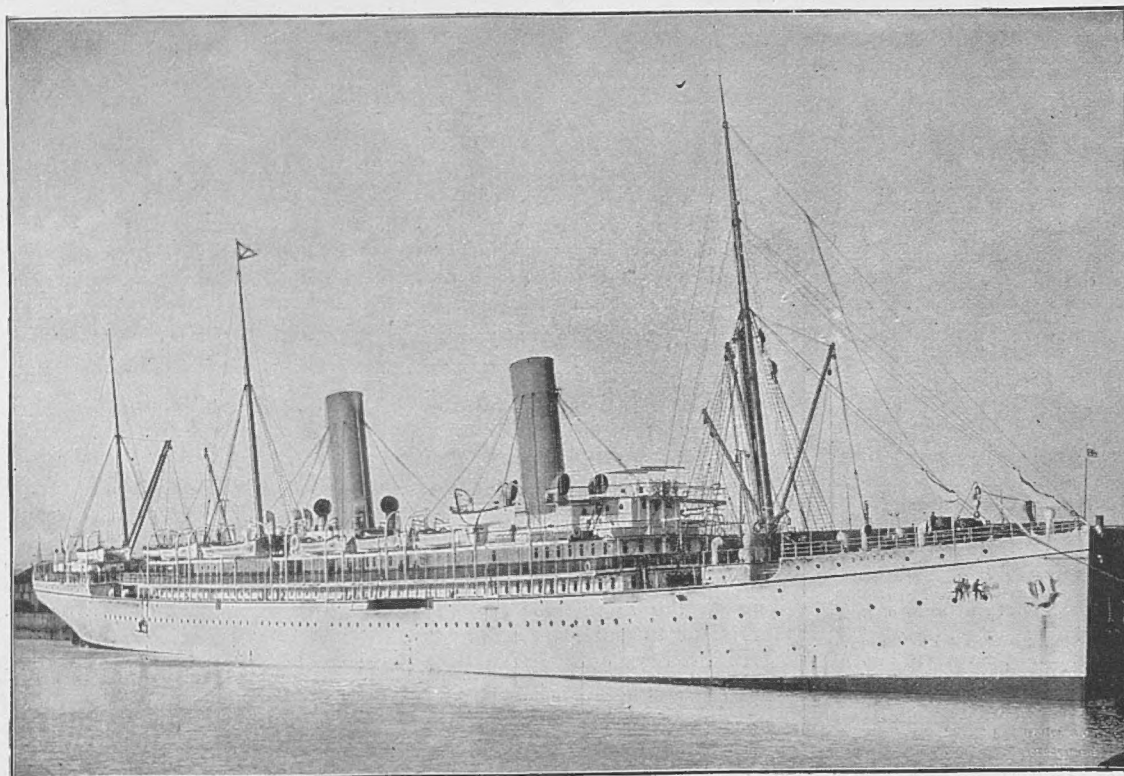


FIRST-CLASS SALOON.

It is needless to say that the accommodation for passengers is of the most luxurious kind; the first-class saloon, which is tastefully furnished in solid oak, with handsome carved work, measures 60 feet by 40 feet, and will accommodate 172 persons; but this number can be made up to 200 with the aid of a lower auxiliary room. The saloon is lighted by a large dome, panelled mahogany, and painted white with gold relief, and this, of course, while securing proper ventilation, gives a very dignified appearance to the apartment.

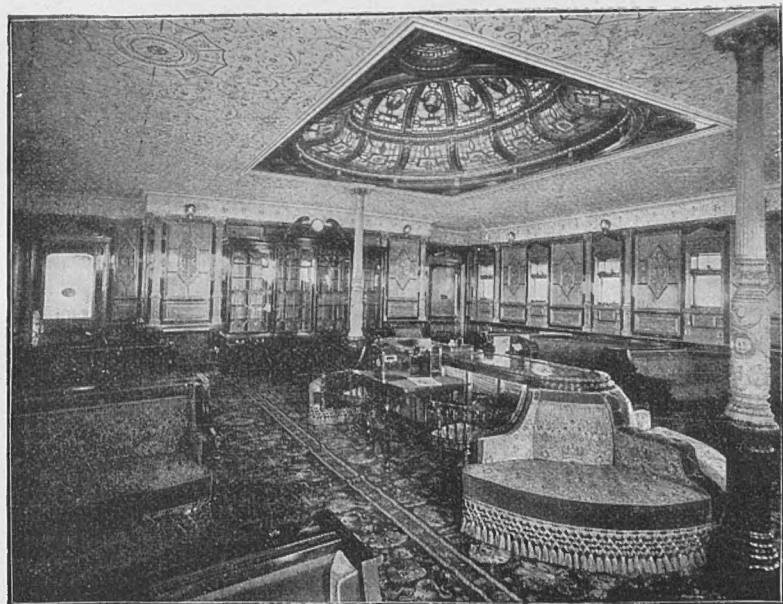
A great feature about modern steamship competition is the bid made for the second-class passenger, and every new steamer seems to more nearly approximate his condition of comfort to that of the first-class. The *Briton* provides for him a saloon on the middle deck very little less in size than that of the first-class, while she gives him a commodious smoking-room and a most comfortable cabin. Altogether, this vessel can accommodate 280 first-class passengers, 182 second-class, 122 third, and 320 steerage. Added to the crew, which, with officers, engineers, stewards, &c., amounts to 240 all told, we have a total of 1150 souls when the vessel is full, and there is little

doubt so palatial a steamer will usually go out with her full complement. Needless to say, she has all that modern ingenuity can devise in the shape of machinery—twin screws, steam steering gear, and the numerous other appliances that go to make a steamer efficient in the modern sense of the word.

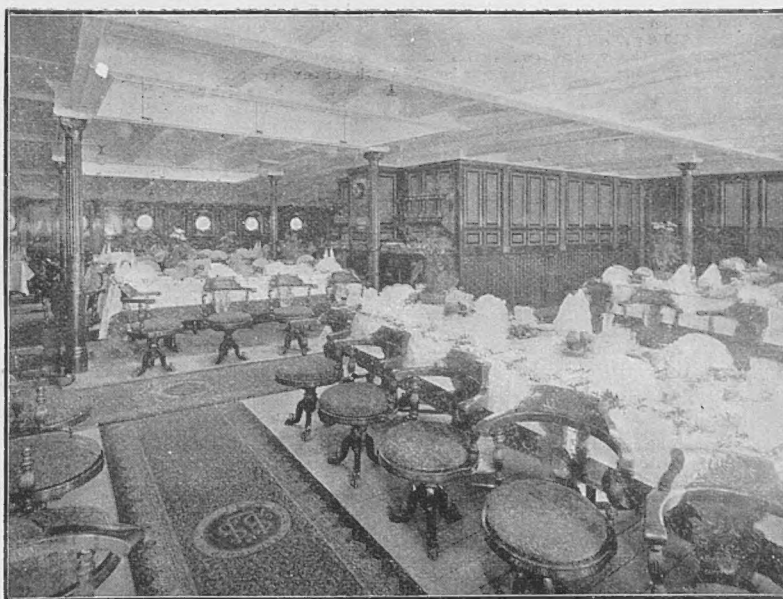


TWIN-SCREW R.M.S. "BRITON," 10,248 TONS.

be ripped up by being driven on to rocks. To further ensure the safety of her passengers, she is built in nine water-tight compartments, which extend to the upper deck. The *Briton* is also well provided with life-saving appliances; she carries no less than twenty boats, six of which are of steel, and all are of the most modern type.



LIBRARY AND DRAWING-ROOM.



SECOND-CLASS SALOON.



The Subscription List, now open, will close on or before Tuesday, Dec. 14, 1897, at 4 p.m. for Town and the following day at the same hour for the Country.

THE DIRECTORS OF THE LONDON AND GLOBE FINANCE CORPORATION, LIMITED, OFFER FOR SUBSCRIPTION BY THEIR SHAREHOLDERS (TO WHOM ALONE ALLOTMENTS WILL BE MADE) THE CAPITAL OF THE UNDERMENTIONED ISSUE.

**BRITISH AMERICA CORPORATION, LIMITED** (Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1893). CAPITAL £1,500,000, in Shares of £1 each, of which 1,000,000 Shares are now offered for Subscription at par, payable 10s. per Share on Application, and 10s. per Share on Allotment.

#### DIRECTORS.

The Most Hon. The MARQUESS OF DUFFERIN AND AVA, K.P., G.C.B., G.C.M.G., &c. (Ex-Governor-General of the Dominion of Canada, and Chairman of the London and Globe Finance Corporation, Limited), Chairman.

The Right Hon. LORD LOCH, G.C.B., G.C.M.G. (late Governor of the Cape Colony and High Commissioner for South Africa, and Director of the London and Globe Finance Corporation, Limited).

\*The Hon. C. H. MACKINTOSH (Lieut.-Governor of the North-West Territories of Canada). EDWARD A. HOARE, Esq. (Director of the Bank of British North America).

WHITAKER WRIGHT, Esq. (Deputy-Chairman of the London and Globe Finance Corporation, Limited).

Another Director (of high position and influence) will join the Board after Allotment.

\*The Hon. C. H. Mackintosh, in order to accept this Directorship, has resigned his office of Lieut.-Governor of the North-West Territories of Canada, as from the 31st inst., and being interested in the purchase, will not vote until after that date.

#### BANKERS.

London: Messrs. ROBERTS, LUBBOCK, and CO., 15, Lombard Street, E.C.  
Canada: BANK OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.

#### BROKERS.

Messrs. VERTUE, LUBBOCK, and CO., 4, Adam's Court, E.C.  
Messrs. HARDIE and TURNBULL, 42, George Street, Edinburgh.  
SOLICITORS.—Messrs. BURN and BERRIDGE, 11, Old Broad Street, E.C.  
AUDITORS.—Messrs. FORD, RHODES, and FORD, 81, Cannon Street, E.C.

SECRETARY (pro tem).—A. B. DEALTRY, Esq.

OFFICES.—15, AUSTIN FRIARS, E.C.

#### PROSPECTUS.

This Corporation has been formed to enter into and carry on such financial, commercial, manufacturing, mining, and other businesses as are usually undertaken by financiers, bankers, concessionaires, and contractors for public and other works.

The business of the Corporation will be principally directed to operations in British America. Owing to the marvellous developments in the recently discovered goldfields of Yukon and British Columbia, there is in these districts a wide scope for the furtherance of the above objects, with every prospect of profitable results.

Pursuant to arrangement, subscription to this issue is limited to Shareholders of the London and Globe Finance Corporation, Limited, whose names were on the register on the 1st inst. It will thus be apparent that London and Globe Shareholders who obtain an allotment of, or purchase in the market Shares in the British America Corporation, Limited, will practically participate at cost price in the benefits to be derived from the operations of this Company, as they will thereby receive not only the dividends that may be declared by the British America Corporation, but also their share of the profits accruing to the London and Globe by means of this issue, and its subsequent co-operation with this Company.

The Shares of this Company will be allotted in proportion to the number applied for, and not according to the number of London and Globe Shares held by the applicant.

The London and Globe has guaranteed £500,000 of the capital of this issue, and incurred heavy expenditure in securing the options, concessions, and properties briefly described in the Schedule hereunder, and has agreed to transfer its interest in the same (subject to the terms and conditions relating thereto) to this Corporation for the consideration hereafter named.

#### SCHEDULE.

##### ACTS OF PARLIAMENT.

The powers and rights conferred by an Act of Parliament of the Dominion of Canada, 59 Victoria, chapter 41, intitled "An Act to incorporate the Yukon and British Columbia Trading and Development Company, Limited."

The Powers and rights conferred by an Act of Parliament of the Dominion of Canada, 60-61 Victoria, chapter 90, intitled "An Act to incorporate the Mining, Development, and Advisory Corporation of British America, Limited."

##### BRITISH COLUMBIA.

The celebrated Le Roi Mine and its equipment, situate at Red Mountain, Rossland, and reported to be the premier mine of British Columbia, and at present paying, with limited developments and appliances, dividends of £10,000 per month.

The following famous Gold Mines, situate at Red Mountain, Rossland, namely, The Josie (adjoining Le Roi), Number One (adjoining War Eagle), Nickie Plate and Grornogo (adjoining Centre Star), Pack Train, Legal Tender and Derby (immediately south of Centre Star and Le Roi), and Surprise and Youknow (adjoining Number One). These mines are believed to be of great value, and amongst the best in British Columbia.

The Algonquin Group of Gold Mines, including eighteen properties, situate on Castle Mountain, Christina Lake, covering, approximately, 850 acres of valuable mineral land, traversed by a system of gold-bearing lodes.

The Nelson-Poorman Group of Gold Mines, including six properties, situate on Eagle Creek, near the town of Nelson, together with the 10-stamp mill, plant, and equipment thereon.

The Murphy and Katharden properties, situate in the District of Nelson, and comprising 100 acres, more or less.

##### YUKON.

The undertaking, assets, and goodwill, as a going concern, of the Alaska Commercial Company, which has been established twenty-nine years, and is stated to have made enormous profits during that period. The assets include wharves, real estate, warehouses, stores, and trading stations for over eight thousand miles, ocean and river steamers, sailing vessels, launches, barges, lighters, and boats, and the whole of the plant and stock, including merchandise and supplies in transit and at northern depôts.

Three Stores, with all appurtenances, at Circle City, Forty Mile Creek, and Dawson City.

Property at Fort Selkirk, containing 160 acres, with large trading stores and dwellings.

Townsite property at Dawson City.

All claims that may be located by an Exploring party sent out to exploit the Sweetlarutska River.

One-half interest in all claims that may be located by an Exploring party sent out to exploit the Stewart River, Klondyke.

One-fourth interest in eleven claims on Bonanza and El Dorado Creeks, Klondyke.

Twenty adjoining claims in the heart of the Bonanza Creek, which are said to be among the richest at Klondyke.

Claim No. 21, situate on Bear Creek, Klondyke, equal to five claims.

Claim No. 2, on El Dorado Creek, Klondyke, also equal to five claims. This claim is said to yield about £1000 per running foot. The original owner has stated that seven men, working five hours per day on the average, took out last winter in seventy days nearly £20,000 in gold. The claim is in the Bonanza District, and was located by the discoverer of the El Dorado.

Claim No. 2B, being a fraction adjoining the last, and said to be as rich as No. 2.

In addition to the foregoing, the London and Globe are conducting negotiations in regard to several important undertakings and properties, the particulars of which it is not expedient to disclose at present, but the benefit of which will enure to this Company.

Even with a cash capital of £1,000,000 it will be impossible for this Company to carry out alone the whole of the undertakings above referred to, and others that are in contemplation. It is therefore intended to co-operate with the London and Globe Finance Corporation, Limited.

Having regard to the valuable interests which this Company proposes to acquire, and to the nature of the business intended to be carried on, the Directors feel justified in expressing the opinion that substantial dividends will accrue to the Shareholders.

The following contracts have been entered into—

An Agreement dated 24th September, 1897, between the Hon. C. H. Mackintosh, and the London and Globe Finance Corporation, Limited, and an Agreement of Sale dated 9th December, 1897, between the London and Globe Finance Corporation, Limited, and George Newman Worters, as Trustee for this Company, providing for the allotment of 500,000 fully paid Shares of this Corporation for the above-mentioned transfer.

Applications for Shares will only be received subject to the condition that the applicant waives the insertion in this Prospectus of particulars of any Contracts that may have been entered into by the London and Globe Finance Corporation, Limited, and any Contracts that may come within the meaning of Section 38 of the Companies Act, 1867, or otherwise. The above-mentioned Agreement of Sale and the Memorandum and Articles of Association can be inspected at the Offices of the Solicitors to the Company.

Applications for Shares should be made on or in accordance with the form enclosed in the Prospectus, and sent, with the required deposit, to the Bankers of the Company. If the Shares allotted be less than the number applied for, the surplus of the amount paid on deposit will be appropriated towards the amount due on allotment, and where no allotment is made the deposit will be returned in full.

Prospectuses and Application Forms may be obtained at the Offices of the Company, and also from the Bankers and Brokers.

London, Dec. 10, 1897.

## THE PHYSICIAN TO KING CHARLES I.

There is hardly a single soul in England to-day that cannot claim a better knowledge of the functions of the various organs of the human body than was possessed by all the doctors that attended the subjects of the first King James. They knew about as much of the functions of the heart as a suckling babe knows of the secretion of milk, and how could they know anything of the lungs when oxygen had not been discovered? Now, the facts of the circulation of the blood and the respiratory functions of the lungs seem so elementary that one almost forgets when and where he first became acquainted with them. A science mistress at a modern high school could far outstrip in medical knowledge Harvey's most celebrated contemporaries. It was the younger generation, as is always the case with new discoveries, that Harvey enlightened by teaching them the facts of the circulation; the older generation, with only a remarkable exception here and there, rejected, as they always do, the new theory; the truer it is the more they hug their ignorance. When Harvey passed along the Strand, seated astride his nag and followed by a man on foot, as the custom was for leading doctors in King Charles the First's time, his seniors, no doubt, sneered at him when they passed him by, as the man that believed the blood circulated in a continuous stream from the arteries to the veins, driven on by the heart.

Never was there a more patient, gentle, courteous soul than Harvey's, and never was a man called upon to live through a time more out of joint with his nature. It must be put to the credit of King Charles I. that he made him his physician and gave him every encouragement to pursue his quiet study of Nature's political economy. The proceeds of the chase were put freely at Harvey's disposal for dissection, and from this material he discovered much concerning the manner in which the young are formed. He followed the King's fortune, and at the battle of Edgehill sat under a neighbouring hedge with the two Princes who afterwards became King Charles II. and King James II. When Cromwell came to power Harvey retired and pursued his studies in quietness. He inherited wealth and acquired wealth, of which he gave freely to build up the College of Physicians in London, which flourishes to this day.

Mr. Ernest Hart, the editor of the series and of the *British Medical Journal*, showed unusual judgment in selecting Mr. D'Arcy Power to write Harvey's Life (T. Fisher Unwin), for his knowledge of English Medical History is probably unique, and from the material at his command he has worked out the best biography of Harvey possible.

The International Time-Table Conference held at Frankfort-on-Main have just decided to put into force, from June 15 to Sept. 30, 1898, an accelerated service between London and Bâle, leaving London at 9 p.m. and arriving at Bâle at 1.4 p.m. the next day. The return service, which is timed to leave Bâle at 10.5 a.m., will connect at Boulogne with the South-Eastern Railway Company's new afternoon service from Paris, arriving at London Bridge at 11.30 and Charing Cross at 11.40 p.m., thus enabling passengers to leave Bâle in the morning and arrive in London the same evening. There will also be connections in both directions to and from other parts of Switzerland and Italy.

## HAYMARKET THEATRE.

EVERY EVENING, at 8.30.  
THE LITTLE MINISTER.  
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2.30. Box Office 10 to 10.

## HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Proprietor and Manager, MR. HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE.  
TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING at 8.15,  
A MAN'S SHALOW.

MR. TREE in the DUAL ROLE of LAROCHE and LUVERSAN.

MATINEES EVERY SATURDAY at 2.30.

SPECIAL WEDNESDAY MATINEE TO-DAY at 2.30.

Box Office open 10 to 10. Seats booked from 2s. Doors open 7.45.

## EMPIRE THEATRE.—EVERY EVENING, UNDER ONE FLAG

and TREASURE ISLAND.  
GRAND VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT.

Doors open at 7.30.

## ALHAMBRA.—EVERY EVENING, DONNYBROOK

and THE GATHERING OF THE CLANS.

Exceptional Variety Programme.

ALFRED MOUL, General Manager.

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Holidays.—THE SACKVILLE, the only hotel on De La Warr Estate (East Front), adjoining Kursaal. Cycling Boulevard and Golf Links.

Highest class Hotel without extravagant charges.

Tariff on application to Manager.

## CANARY ISLANDS.—SANTA CATALINA HOTEL, Las Palmas.

In midst of beautiful gardens, facing sea.

Sanitary arrangements perfect. English physician and nurse.

English church. Golf, tennis, cycling.

The Canary Islands Company, Limited, 1, Laurence Pountney Hill, E.C.

## HUMBER CYCLES.—There is no greater mistake than to think

that Messrs. Humber exclusively manufacture Expensive Machines. On the contrary, their Coventry Cycles can be purchased retail (fully guaranteed) for £15 (Gentlemen's) and £15 15s. (Ladies'). For Catalogue and name of nearest Agent apply to

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## SPA WINTER SEASON.—Mild Climate and only twelve hours

from London. Casino open as usual with Concerts, &c. Excellent sport, Tobogganing, Hunting. High-class hotels at greatly reduced inclusive tariff. Finest iron baths in Europe. Sure cure for Anæmia and Weakness. For all particulars address

JULES CREHAY, Sec., Casino, Spa, Belgium.



## DREYFUS: A RÉSUMÉ.

It is now three years since Captain Alfred Dreyfus, of the Fourteenth Regiment of the French Artillery, was suddenly charged with selling the secrets of his country to Germany. Dreyfus had been executing his duties at the Ministry of War in Paris, and it was quite clear to the



M. SCHEURER-KESTNER.

Photo by Perier, Paris.

authorities that the autumn manoeuvres of the French Army had been known to the German frontier forces. Excitement was running high in Paris at the time, for the Panama scandals had shown a terrible condition of things in high quarters, and the excitable capital was eager to find something or somebody on which to vent its wrath. At this moment a vague suspicion swept along the boulevards: Paris had been betrayed, a Syndicate of Jewish bankers had sold France to Bismarck, Captain Dreyfus, soldier and Jew, had negotiated the sale.

A letter had been found in the contents of a waste-paper basket from the German Embassy; the

evidence was complete; the Anti-Semitic papers had the facts of the case well in hand even before Dec. 19, 1894, when Captain Dreyfus, a man whose financial position was as high as his military reputation, faced the tribunal that sat with closed doors to condemn him on the charge of selling his country for some monetary consideration.

Trial there was none; the boulevardiers had found him guilty. The mood of Paris was as it was required to be. The letter alleged to be written to the German agent in the negotiations, picked up in a waste-paper basket, was sufficient for all purposes. Five experts had been called upon to study the handwriting; two said it was that of Dreyfus, three thought it was an imitation. Since that day the public has seen the letters. At the moment, however, there was no hesitation. Three experts were in his favour, two were against him, but he was condemned.

On Jan. 5, 1895, while all Paris was physically freezing but mentally at boiling-point, Dreyfus was degraded in the courtyard of the École Militaire. The troops were drawn up in hollow square; in the middle stood the condemned man in full uniform. General Darras read the finding of the Court, and a *sous-officier* did the rest. The alleged criminal shouted "Vive la France!" as each indignity was inflicted upon him. The scene was horrible, none present will ever forget it; but on the boulevards things were worse, for there the lowest passions of the human race were being catered for, after the fashion of the most degraded form of French gutter-journalism. *La Patrie*, *Le Jour*, *La Presse*, and *La Libre Parole* demonstrated to all who cared to read the depths to which journalism may sink. In addition to the regular papers, cartoons, caricatures of the most offensive description, tales of the wildest order, were selling by the thousand in the streets. If people paused to think, they could not help seeing that, whether the Captain were innocent or guilty, his guilt had not been proved. However, the outcry served its primary purpose, for all other troubles were forgotten. People who had been having an anxious quarter of an hour because of the Panama scandals were able to breathe freely once more and to join in the general outcry, "Il nous a trahis!" And, amidst all the noisy vituperations of the crowd, the ex-Captain passed into exile, protesting that he had been unjustly condemned.

He is in exile yet, on the Isle du Diable, which is one of the Iles du Salut, that lie off the coast of French Guiana. There France hides her Anarchists and desperate criminals, and there the ex-Captain passes his days watched by warders, chained to his cell at night, and with no company save a loaded pistol that may some day go off. He lives to prove his innocence in the face of the world, and *Le Jour* has already said that the warder who will pull the tardy trigger would deserve well of France. Rumour has it that the once proud soldier is now a pitiable wreck, worn-out, white-haired, feeble, but still protesting his innocence, though almost driven to despair, unconscious that all civilised cities re-echo with his name, that the people responsible for his mock trial and bitter sentence are trembling for their own safety, that the security of the French Government is at stake.

Truth to tell, the whole hideous story of mistake or treachery is about to be unfolded, although every effort has been made during the past few weeks to stifle the growing spirit of inquiry. Not only Paris, but France,

not only France, but Europe, has been ringing with the charges and counter-charges that have accompanied the appearance upon the scene of Commandant Esterhazy, charged by Mathieu Dreyfus, the convict's brother, with being the real writer of the incriminating letters.

This Esterhazy, whose record is an unenviable one, will have his affairs subjected to the scrutiny of a Court of Inquiry. Paris remains white-hot with indignation; the German Emperor and the Czar of Russia have been named freely in connection with the controversy; the Royalist Party has awakened to a condition of activity.

M. Scheurer-Kestner, a respected legislator, declares he has proofs that the ex-Captain is innocent. Emile Zola, who also knows the truth, threatens Paris with another addendum to the Rougon-Macquart series; but the Minister of War, with an assurance absolutely Gallic, has gravely announced that there is no Dreyfus case.

The facts at time of writing are as follow: M. Scheurer-Kestner and M. Mathieu Dreyfus claim to be in possession of certain proofs that they will make public after the inquiry, should that inquiry exonerate Esterhazy, or close the doors to the chance of reopening the Dreyfus affair. For the moment there is a lull in the storm, but the strength and influence of the section in Paris that believes Dreyfus to be innocent grows day by day. At the moment of writing his supporters on the daily press include the *Figaro*, *Temps*, *Débats*, and *Liberté*, and among the prominent Frenchmen who declare that there has been a grave miscarriage of justice are MM. de Freycinet, Scheurer-Kestner, Jules Roche, Waldeck-Rousseau, François Deloncle, Joseph Reinach, and not least, Emile Zola.

The gutter journals of Paris assert, *inter alia*, that there is a Jewish syndicate behind the agitation. The best possible proof that no such syndicate exists lies in the fact that these organs of the *canaille* continue to write as they do, for the "patriots" who direct them would change their coats at any moment for a good and sufficient consideration, though they could not change their style, which is, and ever will be, of the gutter. It is to be feared that with them all the wish is the father to the thought, and the fact that the Jewish community makes no effort to bribe them to silence is gall and wormwood to these honest men. Beyond all doubt, the next few weeks will be stirring ones in Paris, and very many unscrupulous factions are looking eagerly for an opportunity to make capital out of their country's troubles. Granted only that the truth comes out, that the ex-Captain is found to have been unjustly

## PREUVES ÉCRASANTES de la TRAHISON

Appel à tous les Français. — Mort aux Traîtres!

L'HONNEUR DE L'ARMÉE — L'INDIGNATION DE NOS SOLDATS

INFAMES MACHINATIONS

Le Syndicat Dreyfus — A bas les Juifs! — D'où vient l'argent

## LES RÉVÉLATIONS DE LA FEMME VOILÉE

Un Complot de faussaires. — A Mazas! — Les aveux du traître

Indéfinissable  
Témoignages irrécusables  
Les Juifs  
au ministère de la guerre  
Les aveux du traître  
Campagne de répression  
Indéfinissable

INDUSTRIEL ALLEMAND

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THE DREYFUS REVELATIONS IN A NUTSHELL.

condemned, and the fabric of the Government will fall to pieces like a card castle. In the consequent confusion the first plausible adventurer ready and able to take occasion by the hand, and quick to weld the molten mass of public opinion, will have all France in his grip.—S. L. B.



## PATRIOTIC VERSE.\*

Seldom has a more stimulating and delightful selection of poetry been published than that by Mr. and Miss Wedmore in the present volume. Never in the history of this country has "the love and pride of England" been so vehemently felt, and this, too, at a time when we are

not threatened immediately by foreign invasion, as in the time of the Armada or Napoleon. As the author points out in his preface, this vast sentiment is comparatively recent. Much splendid verse was written of England in olden times, but it was

This fortress, built by Nature  
for herself  
Against infection and the hand  
of war,  
This happy breed of men, this  
little world,  
This precious stone set in the  
silver sea,

an England surrounded by water, which roused the fire of our ancestors. Mr. Wedmore, then, with the assistance of his daughter, has done well to give to the world a collection of verse which is imperial in its spirit and fraught with a larger destiny. It is, of course, a serious loss to the present book that the splendid verse of Lord Tennyson could not be included. Apart from his appeal to national sentiment, in the ballad of "The

*Revenge*" the poet has probably expressed perfectly the spirit of the old sea-dogs who helped to make "England England." Among the specimens of earlier patriotic verse, Drayton's "Agincourt" is surely pre-eminent. Here we have, in all its pride and fury, the earlier prowess of the English race—insular, indeed, and insolent, but splendid.

It is difficult to forego the quotation of at least one magnificent verse—

They now to fight are gone,  
Armour on armour shone,  
Drum now to drum did groan,  
To hear was wonder;  
That with the cries they make  
The very earth did shake,  
Trumpet to trumpet spake,  
Thunder to thunder.

Even Shakspeare's lovely lines, which have been quoted, scarcely match the sound and zest of this poem. Milton's great sonnet on Cromwell opens splendidly, but is a little marred for the purpose of the present book by the partisan spirit in the ending. From Dryden we get a verse strangely prophetic and more in the modern and imperial sense—

Now like a maiden queen she will behold  
From her high turrets hourly suitors come;  
The East with incense, and the West with gold,  
Will stand like suppliants to receive her doom.

A different and more spiritual patriotism breathes in Wordsworth's "Thanksgiving Ode." Up till now we have had the exultation of battle, and material pride; here a higher note is struck—

Firm as a rock in stationary flight;  
In motion rapid as the lightning's gleam;  
Fierce as a flood-gate bursting in the night  
To rouse the wicked from their giddy dream.

This last line, whether true or not of Modern England, is surely one of the best in this sort of literature. Still another note is struck, that of rebellion against home-oppression, in Shelley's—

Shake your chains to earth like dew  
Which in sleep has fall'n on you.

From this stormy appeal we pass on to Browning's lovely lines—

Oh to be in England,  
Now that April's there.

It is something of a pity that Matthew Arnold's powerful description of our modern empire has been omitted, where he speaks of

The weary Titan, with deaf  
Ears and labour-dimm'd eyes,  
Regarding neither to right  
Nor left, goes passively by,  
Staggering on to her goal;

but probably the omission of Arnold and of Kipling may be accounted for in the same manner as that of Lord Tennyson. Mr. Robert Bridges

has three fine poems in the present collection, but undoubtedly the best from the patriotic view is "The Fair Brass." There is, however, a very real and honest national feeling in the ode on "Founder's Day." It is somewhat curious to find Mr. Watson apologising for "insularity," and saying that it is "fallen from fashion." We are all "chiefly mere Englishmen below" at the present time, and scarcely anyone "boasts himself cosmopolite." Altogether, this is a book most heartening, and a book at the right moment. One reflection, however, occurs, and it is, that the verse of the more modern patriotism has certainly not yet equalled the verse of the older patriots.

STEPHEN PHILLIPS.

## THE OMAR KHÁYYAM CLUB.

The Omarians were very fortunate in their chief guest at the dinner given on Wednesday at Frascati's. They have entertained many distinguished visitors, none of whom has shown a more serious regard for the spirit of Omar than Colonel John Hay. In proposing the health of the American Ambassador, Mr. Henry Norman, the new President of the Club, who spoke with much tact and point, quoted from one of Colonel Hay's poems some lines which had the Omarian flavour—

Wine is like rain: when it falls on the mud it makes it the fouler;  
But when it strikes the good soil, wakes it to beauty and bloom.  
Break not the rose; its fragrance and beauty are surely sufficient.  
Resting contented with these, never a thorn shall you feel.

The Ambassador's reply proved to be a singularly fine appreciation both of Omar and of FitzGerald. "A man of extraordinary genius had appeared in the world; had sung a song of incomparable beauty and power in an environment no longer worthy of him, in a language of narrow range; for many generations the song was virtually lost: then, by a miracle of creation, a poet, a twin-brother in the spirit to the first, was born, who took up the forgotten poem and sang it anew with all its original melody and force, and all the accumulated refinement of ages of art." The orator gave an interesting illustration of the world-wide fame which Omar owes to FitzGerald. "I heard him quoted once in one of the most lonely and desolate spots of the high Rockies. We had been camping on the Great Divide, our 'roof of the world,' where in the space of a few feet you may see two springs, one sending its waters to the Polar solitudes, the other to the eternal Carib summer. One morning at sunrise, as we were breaking camp, I was startled to hear one of our party, a frontiersman born, intoning these words of sombre majesty—

'Tis but a tent where takes his one day's rest  
A Sultan to the realm of death addressed.  
The Sultan rises and the dark Ferrásh  
Strikes, and prepares it for another guest.

I thought that sublime setting of primeval forest and pouring cañon was worthy of the lines: I am sure the dewless, crystalline air never vibrated to strains of more solemn music." Colonel Hay's final tribute to Omar ought to be permanently inscribed in the archives of the Club. "He will hold a place for ever among that limited number who, like Lucretius and Epicurus—without rage or defiance, even without unbecoming mirth—look deep into the tangled mysteries of things; refuse credence to the absurd, and allegiance to arrogant authority; sufficiently conscious of fallibility to be tolerant of all opinions; with a faith too wide for doctrine, and a benevolence untrammelled by creed; too wise to be wholly poets, and yet too surely poets to be implacably wise." These eloquent words call for a certain remonstrance. Mr. Norman told the company how he had tried to persuade their guest to write a poem for the menu-card of the dinner, and how Colonel Hay had excused himself with the plea, "The goddess has left me." Omarians must remain sceptical about a desertion which would hand Colonel Hay over to that implacable wisdom which he so justly deprecated.

Mr. L. F. Austin, the Vice-President, proposed "The Guests of the Members," a goodly list, comprising Sir Alfred Lyall, K.C.B., G.C.I.E., General Sir Thomas Gordon, K.C.I.E., C.S.I., C.B., Sir Martin Conway, Sir Henry Howarth, Mr. Frederick Greenwood, Professor D. E. Hughes, F.R.S., Mr. Norman MacColl, editor of the *Athenæum*, Mr. G. A. Spender, editor of the *Westminster Gazette*, Mr. M. L. Courtney, Mr. Gilbert Parker, Mr. W. B. Yeats, Mr. Arthur Symonds, Mr. Thomas Janvier, Mr. T. N. Ford, Mr. Milnes Patmore, Mr. Percy White, Mr. J. E. Vincent, Mr. Sidney Hacker, Mr. Heron-Allen, Mr. Spencer Eddie, Mr. U. P. Watt, and Mr. Gilbert Burgess. In proposing a warm tribute to Mr. Greenwood, the Nestor of English journalism, Mr. Austin said it would be impossible to find in any company of literary men in London, under a certain age, some who could not testify to the excellent counsel and the kind encouragement they had received from Mr. Greenwood in bygone years. The toast was acknowledged by Sir Alfred Lyall, Sir Thomas Gordon, and Mr. Ford, and by a few cordial words from Mr. Greenwood. Among the members of the club who attended the dinner were Sir George Robertson, K.C.S.I., the Hon. Charles Russell, Mr. Edward Clodd, Mr. H. W. Massingham, Mr. Edmund Gosse, Mr. Clement Shorter, Mr. Alfred East, R.I., Mr. Arthur Hacker, A.R.A., Mr. George Whale, Mr. Frederic Hudson, Mr. William Sharp, Mr. Frederick Jameson, Mr. T. J. Wise, Mr. Grant Richards, Mr. W. R. Walkes, Mr. Coulson Kernahan, Mr. Le Gallienne, Mr. A. Forestier, Dr. Plimmer, and Dr. Turner.

\* "Poems of the Love and Pride of England," By Frederick and Millicent Wedmore.



## RAILWAY CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY ANNOUNCEMENTS.

## LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.

## CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY ARRANGEMENTS.

Ordinary Return Tickets for distances from 12 to 50 miles are available eight days; and for distances over 50 miles for one calendar month.

Special Cheap Tickets will be issued on Dec. 24, 25, and 26 to and from London and the Seaside, available for return on any day up to and including Dec. 28, as per Special Bills.

**PARIS AT CHRISTMAS.—SPECIAL CHEAP EXCURSION** (First and Second Class only), FRIDAY, Dec. 24, by the Special Express Day Service.—Leaving London Bridge and Victoria 10 a.m., and Kensington (Addison Road) 9.30 a.m.

Excursion Tickets (First, Second, and Third Class) will also be issued by the Express Night Service, leaving Victoria 9.45 p.m., London Bridge 9.55 p.m., and Kensington (Addison Road) 9.20 p.m. on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, Dec. 21 to 26 inclusive.

Returning from Paris by the 9 p.m. Night Service only on any day within 14 days of the date of issue. Fares, 39s. 3d., 30s. 3d., and 26s.

**PORTSMOUTH AND THE ISLE OF WIGHT.—EXTRA TRAINS,** Dec. 24 and 27. Fast Trains from Victoria 4.55 p.m., London Bridge 5 p.m., for Ryde, St. Helens, Bembridge, Sandown, Shanklin, Ventnor, Newport, Cowes &c., and on Dec. 24 and 28 from Victoria 9.20 p.m., London Bridge 9.25 p.m., for Portsmouth and Ryde.

## SPECIAL CHEAP RETURN TICKETS—

**TO BRIGHTON.—EVERY WEEK-DAY First-Class Day Tickets**

from Victoria 10.5 a.m. Fare, 12s. 6d. Pullman Car.

**EVERY SATURDAY First-Class Day Tickets** from Victoria 10.40 and 11.40 a.m.; London Bridge 9.25 a.m. and 10 noon. Fare, 10s. 6d., including Admission to Aquarium and Royal Pavilion.

**EVERY SUNDAY and on CHRISTMAS DAY First-Class Day Tickets** from Victoria at 10.45 a.m. and 12.15 p.m. Fare, 10s., or Pullman Car, 12s.

FRIDAY, SATURDAY, and SUNDAY, Dec. 24 to 26, to TUESDAY, Dec. 28. Fares, 12s. 9d., 7s. 6d., 6s. 4d.

**TO EASTBOURNE.—EVERY SUNDAY and on CHRISTMAS DAY Cheap Day Tickets** from Victoria 11 a.m. Fare, 13s. 6d., including Pullman Car.

**TO HASTINGS, ST. LEONARDS, BEXHILL, AND EASTBOURNE.—Fast Trains every Week-Day.**

FROM VICTORIA—9.50 a.m., 12 noon, 1.30 p.m., 3.26 p.m. (4.30 p.m. to Eastbourne and Bexhill, and 5.40 p.m. and 7.50 p.m. to Eastbourne only), and 9.45 p.m.

FROM LONDON BRIDGE—9.45 a.m., 12.5 p.m., 2.5 p.m., 4.5 p.m., 5.5 p.m., and 9.55 p.m., also 8 p.m. to Eastbourne only.

**CHEAP TICKETS,** Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, Dec. 24 to 26, to Tuesday, Dec. 28, by certain trains only: To Hastings or St. Leonards, 14s., 10s. 6d., 8s. To Bexhill or Eastbourne, 14s., 9s., 7s. 6d.

**BRANCH BOOKING OFFICES** are now open for the issue of Tickets to all Stations on the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway, to the Isle of Wight, Paris, and the Continent, &c.—

The Company's West End Booking Offices, 28, Regent Street; 8, Grand Hotel Buildings; and Hays', 28, Old Bond Street.

The Company's City Booking Offices, 6, Arthur Street East, and Hays', 4, Royal Exchange Buildings.

Cook's Tourist Offices, Ludgate Circus; 445, West Strand; 99, Gracechurch Street; 82, Oxford Street; and Euston Road.

Gaze's Tourist Offices, 142, Strand, and 18, Westbourne Grove.

Jakins', 6, Camden Road; 18, Leadenhall Street; and 30, Silver Street, Notting Hill Gate.

Myers', 343, Gray's Inn Road, and 1A, Pentonville Road.

The Army and Navy Stores, Victoria Street, Westminster.

Civil Service Supply Association, 136, Queen Victoria Street.

International Sleeping Car Company's Travel Bureau, Hotel Cecil.

Harrod's Stores, Brompton Road, and Whiteley's, 151, Queen's Road, Bay-water.

For further particulars see Handbills, to be had at all Stations and at any of the above offices.

(By Order) ALLEN SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.

**LONDON AND SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.**

## CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY ARRANGEMENTS.

**CHEAP THIRD-CLASS RETURN TICKETS** will be issued from LONDON to Stations in the WEST OF ENGLAND, NORTH AND SOUTH DEVON, and NORTH CORNWALL, also to WEYMOUTH, DORCHESTER, POOLE, BOURNEMOUTH, &c., by all trains on Dec. 21, 22, 23, 24, and 25, and to Stations on the SOMERSET and DORSET LINE on Dec. 21, 22, 23, and 24, available to return up to and including Dec. 30.

**GUERNSEY and JERSEY** on Dec. 23, 24, and 25, at a fare of 25s., Third Class, available by any train or boat for 14 d. ys.

**ADDITIONAL TRAINS** will leave WATERLOO STATION as follows—

At 9.45 p.m. for BOURNEMOUTH on Dec. 20, 21, 22, 23, and 24; and for WEYMOUTH on Dec. 23, 24, and 27.

On THURSDAY, Dec. 23, and FRIDAY, Dec. 24.

At 2.5 p.m., EXPRESS TRAIN for BOURNEMOUTH.

ON FRIDAY, DEC. 24.

At 3 p.m. for CAMELFORD, DELABOLE, WADEBRIDGE, and BODMIN.

At 5.40 p.m. for the SALISBURY, YEovil, EXETER, and WEST OF ENGLAND LINES.

At 5.50 p.m. for BARNSTAPLE, ILFRACOMBE, BIDEFORD, and other NORTH DEVON STATIONS, also to Stations on the SIDMOUTH and SALTERTON BRANCHES.

At 10.35 p.m. SPECIAL LATE TRAIN for SALISBURY, YEovil, and EXETER, and INTERMEDIATE STATIONS.

At 12.15 MIDNIGHT for EXETER, BARNSTAPLE, ILFRACOMBE, BIDEFORD, OKEHAMPTON, LAUNCESTON, WADEBRIDGE, BODMIN, DEVONPORT, PLYMOUTH, and other Stations in NORTH AND SOUTH DEVON and NORTH CORNWALL.

On CHRISTMAS DAY ADDITIONAL TRAINS will leave WATERLOO as under, calling at principal intermediate Stations—

At 5.50 a.m. for BASINGSTOKE, SALISBURY, EXETER, TAVISTOCK, PLYMOUTH, BARNSTAPLE, ILFRACOMBE, BIDEFORD, &c.

At 8.5 a.m. for SOUTHAMPTON, PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR (for Ryde), GOSPORT, ROMSEY, SALISBURY, CHRISTCHURCH, BOURNEMOUTH, LYMINGTON, YARMOUTH, &c.

At 9.40 a.m. FAST TRAIN at Cheap Fares for SOUTHAMPTON WEST, NEW FOREST, and BOURNEMOUTH.

At 11.20 a.m. for ILFRACOMBE.

For further particulars of additional trains facilities to the Isle of Wight, return special late trains from South and North Devon, North Cornwall, Dorchester, &c., see Bills and Programmes, which can be obtained at any of the Company's offices, or from G. T. White, Superintendent of the Line, Waterloo Station, S.E.

CHAS. SCOTTER, General Manager.

**SOUTH-EASTERN RAILWAY.**

## CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

**THE CHEAP RETURN TICKETS** between LONDON and

SANDLING JUNCTION, HYTHE, SANDGATE, SHORNCIFFE, FOLKESTONE, DOVER, NEW ROMNEY (LITTLESTONE-ON-SEA), LYDD, and RYE, issued on Dec. 24, 25, and 26, will be available for the Return Journey up to and including Tuesday, Dec. 28.

**CHEAP TICKETS** to TUNBRIDGE WELLS, ST. LEONARDS, HASTINGS, CANTERBURY, SANDWICH, DEAL, WALMER, RAMSGATE, MARGATE, HYTHE, SANDGATE, SHORNCIFFE, FOLKESTONE, and DOVER, will be issued from LONDON on Dec. 24, 25, and 26, available for the Return Journey up to and including Tuesday, Dec. 28.

**FRIDAY, DEC. 24.—A FAST LATE TRAIN** to CHISLEHURST, SEVENOAKS, TUNBRIDGE WELLS, ST. LEONARDS, HASTINGS, ASHFORD, CANTERBURY, RAMSGATE, MARGATE, FOLKESTONE, and DOVER, leaving CHARING CROSS at 12 midnight, WATERLOO 12.2 a.m., CANNON STREET 12.5 a.m., LONDON BRIDGE 12.12 a.m., and NEW CROSS at 12.20 a.m.

**CHRISTMAS AT PARIS.—CHARING CROSS and CANNON STREET,** depart 9 a.m. (10 a.m. from Charing Cross only), Friday, Dec. 24, First and Second Class. Charing Cross and Cannon Street, depart 2.45 p.m. and 9 p.m., Dec. 22 to Dec. 24. Tickets available for 14 days. Fares, 58s. 4d. (First Class), 37s. 6d. (Second Class), 30s. (Third Class).

**CHRISTMAS DAY.—Several Extra Trains** will run, but the Ordinary Services will be as on Sundays.

**BANK HOLIDAY, MONDAY, DEC. 27.—Several Trains** will be withdrawn or altered. Late Trains will run from London. Continental Services as usual.

For further particulars as to Times of Trains, &c., see Bills.

ALFRED WILLIS, Manager (Passenger Department).

## LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

## CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS, 1897.

On WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, and FRIDAY, DEC. 22, 23, and 24, a SPECIAL TRAIN WILL LEAVE EUSTON at 11.55 a.m. for MANCHESTER, calling at Rugby, Lichfield, and Stockport only.

A FAST SPECIAL CORRIDOR DINING-CAR TRAIN WILL LEAVE EUSTON at 1.55 p.m. and convey Passengers for Carlisle and Glasgow only.

A SPECIAL TRAIN WILL LEAVE EUSTON at 4.5 p.m. for LIVERPOOL.

ON FRIDAY, DEC. 24, the 4.30 p.m., Euston to Birmingham, WILL BE DIVIDED; the first portion, which will run Express to Birmingham (calling at Northampton and Stechford only), will leave Euston at 4.25 p.m., and be due B.R. Lougham at 6.55 p.m.—THE SECOND PORTION of the Train will leave Euston at 4.30 p.m., as usual, and convey Passengers for Northampton, Market Harborough, Melton Mowbray, Wellingborough, Coventry, Birmingham, Walsall, Dudley, and Wolverhampton.

A SPECIAL TRAIN WILL LEAVE EUSTON AT 6.55 p.m. FOR BIRMINGHAM.—This Train will call at Northampton and Coventry only, and will be due to arrive Birmingham at 9.27 p.m.

The 12 night Train from London (Euston), due at Warrington at 5.28 a.m. on Saturday (Christmas Day), Dec. 25, WILL BE EXTENDED FROM WARRINGTON TO KENDAL AND CARLISLE AS ON ORDINARY WEEK-DAYS.

**CHRISTMAS DAY.—A Special Train** will leave Euston at 6.15 a.m. for Northampton, Rugby, Birmingham, Stafford, Stoke, Crewe, Manchester, Liverpool, Runcorn, Chester, Chester and Holyhead Line, Ireland, Preston, Lancaster, Penrith, Carlisle, Edinburgh, and Glasgow. THE AMERICAN MAIL TRAIN FROM LONDON TO HOLYHEAD AND QUEENSTOWN, which usually leaves Euston at 4.10 p.m. on Saturdays, WILL NOT RUN on Christmas Day. THE DAY IRISH MAIL TRAIN (6.45 a.m. from Dublin, W. Row), will leave Holyhead for Chester at 11.30 a.m., and be extended to London, arriving at Euston at 6.5 p.m. OTHER TRAINS WILL RUN AS ON SUNDAYS. The Dining Saloons which run on Sundays between London and Liverpool and Manchester will not run on Christmas Day.

On BANK HOLIDAY, MONDAY, DEC. 27, the 12 and 12.10 noon, Express Trains from London, will be united and run as one train, leaving Euston at 12.10 noon. The 4 and 4.10 Express Trains from London will be united, and run as one Train to Rugby, leaving Euston at 4.10 p.m. The Manchester portion will leave Rugby at 6.2 p.m., and run correspondingly later throughout. The 4.30 p.m., Euston to Birmingham and Wolverhampton, WILL NOT RUN. Passengers for Northampton and Stations between Rugby and Wolverhampton served by this Train will travel by the 5.35 p.m. from Euston; and those for Market Harborough, Melton Mowbray, Nottingham, &c., by the 3 p.m. from Euston. Numerous trains in the neighbourhood of important Cities and Towns will not be run, particulars of which can be obtained on reference to the Company's Local Notices.

The Dining Saloons between London, Birmingham, Wolverhampton, Liverpool, and Manchester will not be run on Bank Holiday, but the Corridor Dining Car trains between London and Edinburgh and Glasgow, and the Breakfast, Luncheon, and Dining Cars on the Up and Down Irish Mail Trains and Boat Expresses, will be run as usual.

For further particulars, see Special Notices issued by the Company.

London, December 1897. FRED. HARRISON, General Manager.

**MIDLAND RAILWAY.**

## CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY ARRANGEMENTS.

## CHRISTMAS EVE.

On Christmas Eve the pressure of traffic will be relieved by the running of duplicate trains from St. Pancras as circumstances may require.

## CHRISTMAS DAY.

On Christmas Day the trains will run as appointed for Sundays, except the Newspaper Express leaving London (St. Pancras) at 5.15 a.m., which will run to Bedford, Leicester, Nottingham, Derby, Sheffield, and Manchester, as on Ordinary Week-days. The 8.55 a.m. local train Sheffield to Leeds, &c., will await the arrival of the Newspaper Express at Sheffield.

MONDAY, DEC. 27, and NEW YEAR'S DAY, certain booked trains will be DISCONTINUED, of which due notice will be given by special bills at the stations.

## CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR EXCURSIONS.

## TO PROVINCIAL TOWNS, &amp;c.

On FRIDAY NIGHT, Dec. 24, to Leicester, BIRMINGHAM, NOTTINGHAM, Derby, Newark, Lincoln, Burton, MANCHESTER, LIVERPOOL, Blackburn, Bolton, SHEFFIELD, LEEDS, BRADFORD, York, Hull, Scarborough, Newcastle, the Lake District, &c., returning Dec. 27 or 28.

On SATURDAY, Dec. 25 (Friday midnight), a Cheap three days' Excursion will be run from London to MANCHESTER, STOCKPORT, Warrington, LIVERPOOL, SHEFFIELD, LEEDS, and BRADFORD.

## TO THE NORTH AND SCOTLAND.

On Friday, Dec. 24, for 4, 5, or 8 days, and on Friday, Dec. 31, for 3, 4, or 8 days, to NEWCASTLE, Berwick, Carlisle, Appleby, Dumfries, Castle Douglas, Kirkcudbright, EDINBURGH, GLASGOW, Ayr, Kilmarnock, Stranraer, &c., from St. Pancras at 10.5 p.m., Kentish Town at 10.10, Victoria (L.C. & D.) 8.20, Moorgate Street 9.13, Aldersgate Street, 9.14, and Farringdon Street 9.16 p.m., and to Stirling, Perth, Dundee, Arbroath, Montrose, Aberdeen, &c., leaving ST. PANCRAS at 9.15 p.m., Kentish Town 9.19, Victoria (L.C. & D.) 8.3, Moorgate Street 8.47, Aldersgate Street 8.49, and Farringdon Street at 8.51 p.m.

**RETURN TICKETS** at a THIRD-CLASS SINGLE FARE for the DOUBLE JOURNEY will be issued by the train on Dec. 24 to the places mentioned, available for return on any day up to Jan. 8, 1898, and by the train on Dec. 31 available for return on any day up to Jan. 15, 1898.

## TO IRELAND.

There will also be cheap Excursions to LONDONDERRY via Morecambe, on Tuesday, Dec. 21; to DUBLIN, Ballina, Galway, Sligo, Cork, Kilmarnock, Limerick, on Dec. 22 and 23; to BELFAST, Londonderry, Portrush, &c., on Thursday, Dec. 23; and to Londonderry via Liverpool on Thursday, Dec. 23. See bills for times of return.

## TO SOUTHEND-ON-SEA.

Cheap Day and Week-end Excursion Tickets will be issued to Southend-on-Sea, as announced in Special Bills.

## OTHER CHEAP TICKETS.

Cheap Week-end Tickets will be issued on Fridays, Dec. 24 and 31, and Saturdays, Dec. 25 and Jan. 1, from LONDON (ST. PANCRAS) and other MIDLAND STATIONS to the PRINCIPAL HOLIDAY and HEALTH RESORTS for the CHRISTMAS and NEW YEAR HOLIDAYS.

NEW WINTER TOURIST TICKETS are also now issued.

Tickets, programmes, and bills may be had at the MIDLAND STATIONS and CITY BOOKING OFFICES, and from Thos. Cook and Son, Ludgate Circus, and branch offices.

EXCURSIONS FROM THE PROVINCES.

EXCURSION TRAINS will be run from Leicester, NOTTINGHAM, BIRMINGHAM, Derby, MANCHESTER, LIVERPOOL, Sheffield, LEEDS, BRADFORD, and other principal towns to EDINBURGH, GLASGOW, and ALL PARTS OF SCOTLAND for the Christmas and New Year Holidays. NUMEROUS OTHER CHEAP EXCURSIONS have been arranged from the Chief Midland Stations, particulars of which may be had on application.

Derby, December 18.7. GEO. H. TURNER, General Manager.

**GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.**

## CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY EXCURSIONS.

On Dec. 18, and during the week preceding Christmas Day, CHEAP THIRD-CLASS RETURN TICKETS available on Dec. 21, 22, 23, 24, or 25, and for return Dec. 26 to Dec. 30 inclusive, will be issued from PADDINGTON, Victoria (L.C. and D. Rly.), Kensington (Addison Road), Hammersmith, &c., to Bath, BRISTOL, Taunton, Barnstaple, ILFRACOMBE, EXETER, TORQUAY, PLYMOUTH, Falmouth, Penzance, YEovil, DORCHESTER, WEYMOUTH, &c.; and on Dec. 23 and 24 only, to GUERNSEY and JERSEY, to return within fourteen days. Fare 25s.

EXCURSIONS will leave PADDINGTON STATION as under—

DEC. 23.—A FORTNIGHT IN IRELAND.—To BELFAST, Armagh, Giant's Causeway, Waterford, Cork, Limerick, Tralee, Kilkenny, LAKES OF KILLARNEY, &c.

DEC. 24, NIGHT.—To Evesham, WORCESTER, Malvern, HEREFORD, OXFORD, Banbury, Leamington, BIRMINGHAM, Wolverhampton, Shrewsbury, Chester, LIVERPOOL, &c., for three or four days; and to Bath, BRISTOL, Cirencester, Stroud, Stonehouse, GLOUCESTER, Cheltenham, CARDIFF, Swansea, Llanelly, Carmarthen Junction, Tenby, NEW MILFORD, &c., for three days.

For times of trains, fares, and full particulars of alterations in ordinary train arrangements, see pamphlets and bills, which can be obtained at the Company's Stations and usual Receiving Offices.

J. L. WILKINSON, General Manager.



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## SMALL TALK.

The exiled Scot is such an enthusiast for the home he never wants to return to permanently in the flesh that I often wonder why the papers he starts for his benefit in London fail. The latest is the *London Scotsman*, a threepenny monthly of eight pages in a wrapper. It is well printed, but it is far too dear ever to catch on. I find that there are at least eight-and-twenty Scotch societies in London. Surely they ought to run something much better than this amongst them.

The many friends of Sir William Ingram, Bart., the proprietor of the *Illustrated London News*, will be glad to hear of his entire recovery from the serious illness with which he was overtaken while recently engaged in a deer-stalking expedition in Scotland. Sir William and Lady Ingram have now returned to their London house in South Kensington. In the course of two or three weeks they will go abroad for some time.

They do strange things in Persia. This is the latest. For some years a tidal observatory has been established at Bushire, on the Persian Gulf, and it has performed its functions without let or hindrance. This year, however, owing to want of rain, the Persians were under the

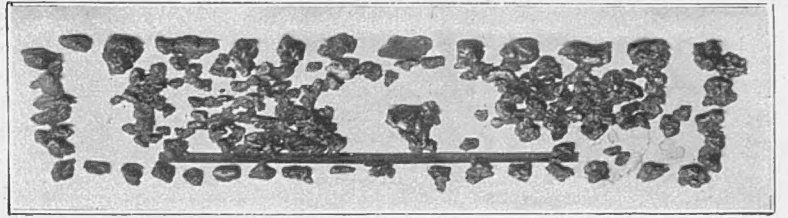


THE OBSERVATORY, ON THE PERSIAN GULF, WHERE THE PILLARS WERE PULLED DOWN.

impression that the bench-marks or pillars which had been built near the Government telegraph office were the cause of the drought, and a mob consisting of men, women, and children surrounded the office and pulled the pillars down. Owing to the promptitude of Colonel Wilson, the Resident, and Mr. Campbell, the Superintendent of Telegraphs, the Persian Governor had to supply a company of Persian soldiers, and these, combined with parties of bluejackets and marines from H.M.S. *Sphinx*, built up the pillars again. This has had the desired effect on the Persians, who see that the British Government in Persia is not to be trifled with.

Poor China is in trouble again. As if the bother with Germany were not enough, an eclipse of the sun is due next month. In China eclipses of the sun and moon are looked upon as warnings from heaven that the reigning prince has been wanting in wisdom or morality, and that of the sun is considered especially grave. So the Emperor is "filled with a great fear," and has tried "during his moments of leisure inwardly to question himself as to the errors he has committed." By a coincidence the eclipse is due on the Chinese New Year's Day, Jan. 22, so the poor Emperor has decreed, "as a token of humility and submission to the will of heaven," that the usual ceremonies of congratulation to him shall take place in a "penitential hall" instead of the throne-room,

and the customary banquet will not take place. Also, instead of the gorgeous Court robes, sober everyday garments are to be worn while the eclipse is in progress. The Court will assemble in the Inner Palace, where an altar to heaven is to be erected, and before this the Emperor and all the officials will prostrate themselves "to beseech the mercy of High Heaven to his chosen people."



NUGGETS FROM KLONDYKE.  
Photo by Brooks, Nanaimo.

Alarming rumours are afloat about the existence of crime at Klondyke. I do not wonder at it, for if the gains of miners are anything like those of Mr. J. Williamson, shown here, the rush for gold will be a thrilling bait.

The best summary of the Jubilee which I have seen has been written by Mr. Richard Harding Davis for the Christmas Number of *Harper's Magazine*, and illustrated by Mr. Caton Woodville, one of whose sketches is reproduced in "The Art of the Day" this week. If the picture of the Queen passing the Devonshire Club had been titled "The Gordon Highlanders Saluting the Queen," as it might have been, there would have been a peculiar appropriateness in its appearance to-day. Mr. Davis notices the fact that the troops may not march through the City of London without reversing their arms. The one exception, he says, is the Royal Marine Artillery, "because their organisation is a relic of the old train-bands of the City." This is not quite correct. The first body of Marine Gunners was formed by Nelson in 1804, of selected men from the Marines; it ceased to exist in 1833, but was re-formed some years later. However, the older or parent corps was originally formed from the train-bands; but the privilege Mr. Davis mentions is shared by the Marines with the Buffs (East Kent), which, under the title of the Holland Regiment, did duty for a time during its early history on shipboard. This regiment traces its existence to 1585, when the Livery Companies of London furnished several companies for service in the Netherlands; hence its old name and privilege.

A characteristic story of the generosity of Lord Strathcona (better known as Sir Donald Smith) was told at the Scottish Corporation dinner on St. Andrew's Day by Mr. Dobell, a member of the Canadian Government. It was a story of a donation of £800 which Sir Donald Smith made some years ago to this Scottish charity. But Mr. Dobell did not tell the circumstances in which the donation was made. Few, indeed, know them. Sir Donald Smith was at a banquet of the Corporation and put down his name on a subscription list for a hundred pounds. The officials were well pleased, but, after an appeal had been made for funds to wipe off a deficit of £800, Sir Donald Smith asked someone to bring back the list. He then changed the "1" into "8," making his subscription £800. It may be interesting to add that Lord Strathcona, although seventy-seven years old, continues frequently to cross the Atlantic, as he still carries on business in Canada. Like another Canadian peer, Lord Mount Stephen, he hails from the north of Scotland.

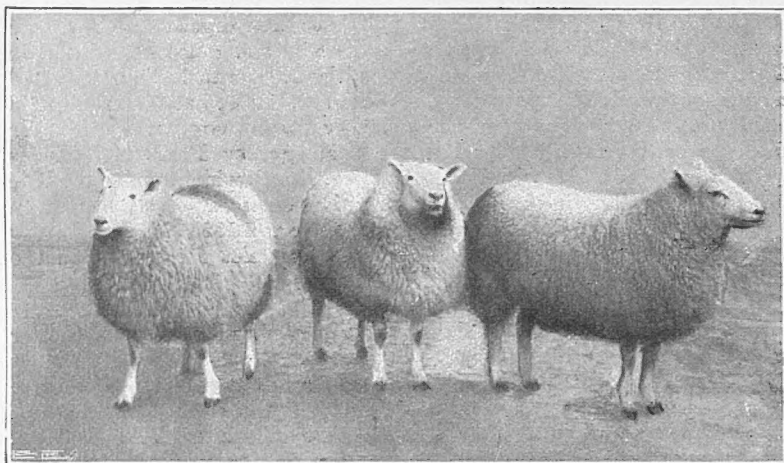


THESE TARS SET UP THE PILLARS AGAIN.



Santa Claus—at Smithfield. That is what you really ought to call the prosaically named Cattle Show. The country has anticipated London—first Edinburgh, then Birmingham, and the capital last of all, as the final test of beefdom. The show at Smithfield was the ninety-ninth held under the auspices of the Smithfield Club, which was organised on Dec. 17, 1798, and held its first exhibition in Dolphin Yard, Smithfield. At the first show there were but two classes for cattle, and two for sheep, and the prizes amounted to £52 10s. This year there were forty-two classes for cattle, thirty-two for sheep, sixteen for pigs, and five slaughter classes for cattle and sheep, with prizes amounting to £3793; and a chief of the Clan Gordon, the Marquis of Huntly, is President of the Club—as if the daring of Dargai must necessarily invade the show-yard. Herewith I present pictures of some of the champions at Edinburgh, Birmingham, and Smithfield.

Meanwhile, I may refer to the *Live Stock Journal Almanack*, which has just appeared—a most interesting publication, despite a somewhat repelling title. The articles on horses are, as usual, very readable, and they are all written by acknowledged experts. Mr. G. S. Lowe discusses the shooting-pony. He holds that the Welsh pony is the best for children. Sir Walter Gilbey, ever an enthusiast for horseflesh, deals with the breeding of carriage-horses, which is well worth the study of everybody who wants to see England furnish herself with everything. At present the best carriage-horses are imported from all Europe almost. Mr. Wilfred Scawen Blunt writes about his beloved Arabs—the only horse a poet should cultivate; and Mr. C. Stein has an article on chargers, which I am sure you will turn to after looking at my Military Supplement. Thoroughbreds, hackneys, Shires, Suffolks, and Clydesdales all get their say. The cattle get equal justice, though they do not interest me personally so much. I may note that the writer on the Aberdeen-Angus breed, who modestly signs himself "G. H.," is Mr. George Hendry, of the *Free Press* of Aberdeen. He probably knows



MR. M'DOWALL'S CHEVIOT SHEEP, FIRST PRIZE AT EDINBURGH.

*Photo by Brown, Lanark.*

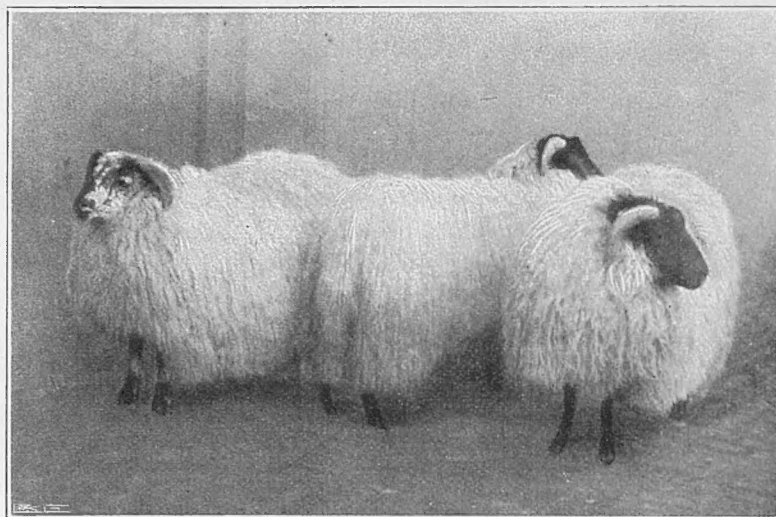
more about this breed than anybody living—certainly more than any journalist. He recently wrote an article on Shetland ponies for the *English Illustrated Magazine*.

The man whose life is spent almost entirely in London, who goes through the main thoroughfares regularly and often, must always be quick to notice the invasion of unfamiliar or incongruous elements. This year the Jubilee has complicated matters, and for months the incongruities have preponderated. Since the autumn we have had a little breathing space, and now the approach of Christmas, the Cattle Show at Islington, and the cheap excursion trains from all parts, have combined to bring some very remarkable people to town. By day they discover London, and stare with open-mouthed and respectful astonishment at the outside of church, cathedral, and picture gallery; by night they patronise the theatres, which have been adding to their ordinary advertisement the words "Special Attractions." The programmes themselves have not been altered, so far as I can see, and the idea forces itself upon me that the special attractions are the strange visitors, who are calculated to appeal to the sense of humour of regular patrons.

I can't explain why it is, but, being a Londoner, I resent and criticise the intrusion into the Metropolis of people whose right to enjoy town is in all respects equal to my own. I look at them with unfavourable eye, they send my temperature bounding up when they ask to be directed to some place so well known and close at hand that I think everybody ought to be able to get there without help. I am sure I may say I am civil, but the civility costs an effort, and I could not be effusive though I tried. The man whose admiration is expressed in a series of broad grins; the old ladies who will exchange confidences across crowded 'buses, or will assault the conductor with umbrellas every few minutes when they are miles away from their destination; the younger male generation that goes about in a loud overcoat of country cut garnished with aggressive buttons—all these people are a sore trouble to me.

So far as I can understand the matter, there is some remnant of an obscure tribal or clannish feeling left in most of us, and we resent intrusion

upon our particular paths. It is not the peculiar attribute of the Londoner to stare at somebody who is obviously not of his *genus*. The provincial, once upon his native heather, does the same. I have been in most, or at least many, of our large country towns, and have never



MR. BONES' BLACK-FACED SHEEP, CHAMPIONS AT EDINBURGH.

*Photo by Brown, Lanark.*

escaped the broad scrutiny and outspoken comment of the man who has regarded himself as in possession of the street. In several of the European capitals I have experienced the same reception, and, let me say on my own behalf, I do not behave after the manner of the tourist.

When I go to the opera-house of a Continental capital I do not wear my shooting-suit; when I stroll down the boulevards I refrain from turning round to stare after everybody who strikes my attention; I am civil to shopkeepers, and seldom or never curse waiters. Yet I cannot mistake the fact that I am an Englishman in Paris, Berlin, or Madrid, as the case may be, that the natives are whispering to themselves, "He is not one of us." There is a story of a man who went into some crowded district in a big manufacturing town, and the spokesman of the first group of men he met remarked to his companions, "'Ere's an adjectived stranger; 'eave 'arf a brick at 'im!" The remark sums up the universal attitude towards strangers, demonstrates the difficulty that stands in the way of the union of nations, and finally explains the modified form of feeling that causes me to be annoyed when a man I never saw before, and hope never to see again, stops me in the middle of Trafalgar Square and asks me to direct him to Nelson's Column or the National Gallery.

I am not surprised to learn that the "British Almanac," which Messrs. Charles Letts improved so much last year, ran through two editions. I wrote of it at the time as being exceedingly well done, and this year it is improved. One of the most interesting features of it are the photographs of models of the English cathedrals, and the portraits of the sovereigns of England, taken from Madame Tassaud's, are capital. In fact, I could spend hours over this volume. Their edition of Francis Moore's famous "Vox Stellarum, a Loyal Almanac," is also entertaining.

Sidney's well-known "Book of the Horse" is being reissued by Cassell in sixpenny parts. The editors, Mr. James Sinclair and Mr. W. C. A. Blew, claim to have brought it up to date. But why "Mrs. Burton, the wife of the famous traveller"?



MR. R. D. JAMESON'S FIRST PRIZE DEXTER STEER AT BIRMINGHAM.



THE CHAMPIONS OF SMITHFIELD.



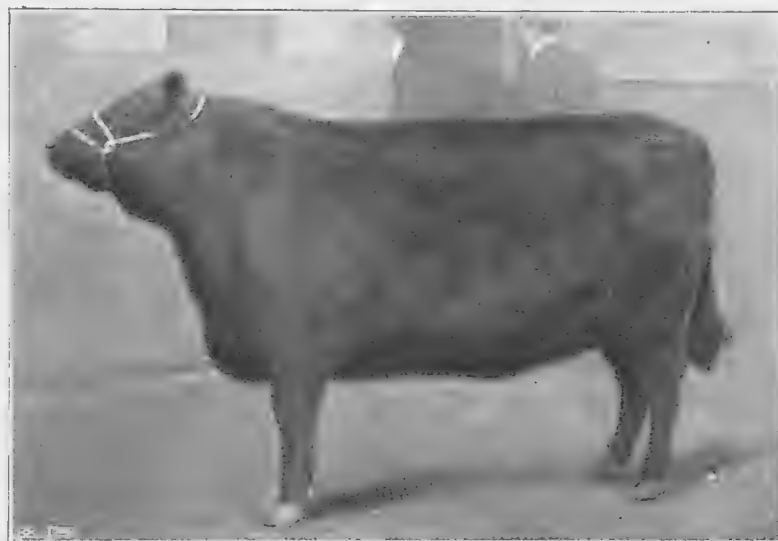
MR. BUTCHER'S CHAMPION ABERDEEN-ANGUS STEER, PRINCE OF ETHIE.



MR. WORTLEY'S CHAMPION CROSS-BRED STEER, GENERAL.



THE DUKE OF YORK'S CHAMPION RED POLL STEER.



LORD ROSEBURY'S CHAMPION ABERDEEN HEIFER, SCOTTISH QUEEN.



MR. GREAVES' FIRST PRIZE WELSH STEER, MAELPA.



LIEUT.-COLONEL HOME DRUMMOND'S CHAMPION HIGHLAND STEER.



Mr. Guy Boothby, whose portrait I give herewith, has managed certainly to secure "the joy of eventful living." In the brief space of three or four years he has written nearly twenty novels, most of them attaining remarkable success, and has created the world-famous Dr. Nikola, one of the few fictional characters who is equally known to



MR. GUY BOOTHBY.

the street gamin as to the City merchant. Before he began his career as a novelist he was preparing unintentionally for it by travels in all parts of the world. Born thirty years ago in Adelaide, and educated in England, he had from the first an adventurous spirit, which sent him in 1891 on a journey across Australia. Some of his thrilling experiences of this expedition are to be found in his first book, "On the Wallaby," published in 1894. Then he extended his travels to the Far East, New Guinea, Thursday Island, and other parts, which have provided him not only with backgrounds for his stories, but with incidents and characters as well. But readers of his capital stories, "In Strange Company," "A Bid for Fortune," and "The Beautiful White Devil," will not need to be reminded of the vivid reality with which he has written of the strange places of the earth. Mr. Boothby has two hobbies—the collection of peculiar fishes and prize dogs. He is just at present in Egypt, from which country he will doubtless return laden with new inspiration for his prolific pen.

Mr. Boothby's latest volume is "Bushigrams" (Ward, Lock, and Co.), a collection of stories more or less connected with Australia. They are very sparkling examples of short stories, and there is sufficient variety in the book to please everybody. My own favourite is "Promotion," which strikes a deeper, more pathetic note than the author usually essays. "For Official Recognition" is another excellent story, but, in a book where nothing is tame or uninteresting, it is needless to specify special successes. "Bushigrams" is bound handsomely, illustrated effectively, and compels attention from first to last.

I am forced to the conclusion that the making of clubs proceeds almost as rapidly as the making of papers. Only a few nights ago I was dining with a man whose public prominence makes him the target of every club promoter, and he told me many and startling things about the modern rush to join clubs. During the past few years very many new houses have been opened, and the members' list has filled with surprising rapidity. The old-established houses that admit rising professional men are in most cases quite full, and the books hold the names of more men than can be admitted within the next decade under ordinary circumstances. Comparatively new houses are able to tack a big entrance fee on to a large annual subscription, and yet obtain more eligible applications than their constitution permits them to deal with.

My friend cited the case of a mutual acquaintance who was elected last month to a club on whose books his name has been for nearly nine years. If half I was told works out as well in practice as in theory, there is plenty of revenue for a man who can afford to start a well-appointed, properly conducted clubhouse in the neighbourhood of Piccadilly, St. James's Street, or Pall Mall, and can secure an influential committee, a good chef, and a political or social *raison d'être*. Four or five thousand members are apparently easy to find, although, of course, selection must be carefully made, and, when you have even three thousand men paying five or six guineas a-year and an entrance fee, there is no need to worry about anything but income tax.

I think I may say that the large and ever-increasing number of the suddenly successful has made the blackballing at certain clubs so severe. During the past two or three years certain clubs have added largely to their unenviable reputation for blackballing, and many a man of weight and consequence has been well advised to withdraw his name very suddenly from an institution he started to adorn. Some years ago a world-notorious financier was put up for a remarkably select club and blackballed. He straightway went to the owner of the clubhouse and offered him his own price for it. This price, absurdly extravagant, was named and paid, and the rejected candidate offered the club the choice of accepting him or going into new quarters straightway. The committee considered the matter; there was another election, and no black balls

were found. The financier received the news of his election without apparent interest, and never went past the portals of the clubhouse. He had secured what he wanted, but knew well enough that, had he availed himself of a member's privileges, his victory would have been worth very little.

What said Moses when the light went out? Nobody knows, while everybody agrees that Wellington never said, "Up, Guards, and at 'em." The extraordinary difficulty of gauging the validity of hearsay evidence, which troubled Kinglake so much in writing his history of the Crimean War, is strikingly shown by the famous message of Colonel Mathias. I have herewith collected all the different versions of the story from letters sent from the front up to date—

Reuter's correspondent made the Colonel say—"Men of the Gordon Highlanders, the General says that position must be taken at all costs. The Gordon Highlanders will take it!"

The *Daily Graphic* correspondent—"Gordons, the General has ordered that position to be taken at any cost. The Gordons will take it!"

The *Daily News* correspondent simply says that Colonel Mathias made a "short but telling speech."

Colour-Sergeant William Patterson—"Gordons, the hill must be taken at the point of the bayonet. There is to be no halting to fire back, and we will take it in the face of the whole Division."

A Sergeant, writing on Oct. 22—"Gordons, the General has selected us to charge the position, which must be taken at any cost. Will you follow me?"

Band-Corporal Douglas Hunter—"Gordon Highlanders, we have been picked out to take those heights, and we have got to do it at all costs. Remember, the eyes of the regiments are on you!"

Corporal Hunter—"Gordons, you have been selected to take that position, and you have to do it, cost what it may. The General has selected you to do it."

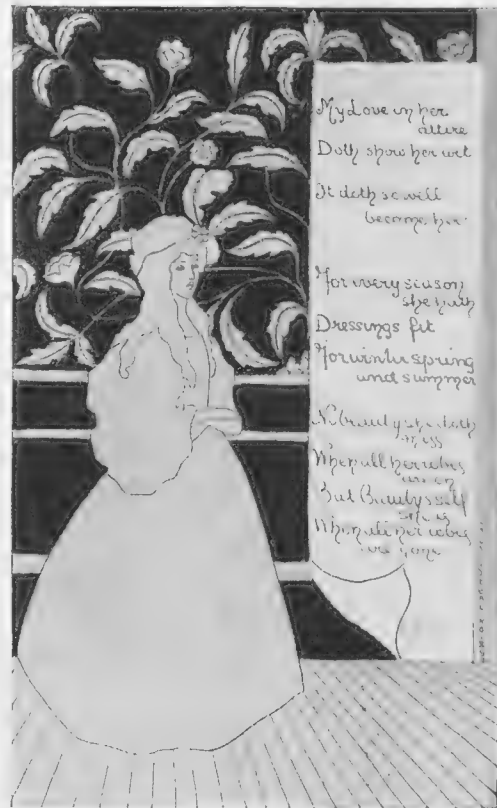
I question very much if Colonel Mathias himself can put the matter right. In any case, the Reuter version strikes me as being rather too much like Mr. William Terriss under the limelight at the Adelphi.

The saucy sailor in "The French Maid" never makes the house merrier than when he relates how his life was saved by a bullet burying itself in the photographs of his best girls, which he kept next his heart. But truth is as strange as fiction. A private of the Gordons, appropriately named Hassard, was hit three times at Dargai and yet escaped uninjured. "The third bullet," he states, "struck the bag of my haversack, went right through my kilt, and struck a comrade beside me in the leg. Going through my haversack it shattered a new Krupp's razor which I had just bought." I know that a Krupp has often saved trouble, but did it ever save life before? How very different from a Krupp!—

The *Hazard* lay all in an o,  
For u had been quite the wind-up;  
The two are intended to mow,  
But give me a Krupp for a Krupp.

If the frontier hill tribes suffered from a sense of humour it would be reasonable to attribute some of their proposals thereto; but, as

humour is rarely a characteristic of the hillman, we can only accept unconventional messages from him as curious side-lights on his ideas of social order in general and war in particular. Nothing could have shown more clearly the view the Afridis take of the present operations than their recent message to the British inviting them to send the cavalry and artillery home and fight it out in the open. It is a game to them, and we were not playing it according to Hill Tribe Association Rules—as though, let us say, the Clapham Rovers accepted a challenge from the Aston Villa men to a match on condition that the Aston Villa team did not include heavy "backs" and "half-backs." The message sent last week to a Political Officer was equally charming, and furnishes eloquent proof of the esteem in which the hillman holds the "Political" who takes an interest in him. Mr. Gilbert himself could not have devised a happier stroke of naïveté than that of the tribe who, having submitted to the British General and having to pay a fine, petitioned the Political Officer to subscribe to it! But how perfectly the said "Political" must have gained the confidence of the hillmen!



DRAWN BY MISS ROSE STERLING.



One of the most delightful traits of London life is the love of animals. Thus the pigeons of St. Paul's hop about beside the strange folk who sit on the benches in the gardens with impunity. The other week a pigeon who was pecking an unusually big chunk of bread in the Strand was humoured by every driver in the street, for the entire traffic diverted itself so as to leave the pigeon a safe place. In Hyde Park people have begun again to feed the birds, whose food-supply becomes shorter with the wintry weather. Any day you may see an elderly gentleman, scrupulously attired in frock-coat, silk hat, and all the adjuncts of fashionable male dress, who attends to the feathered tribes. From one side of the Park to the other, and then back again, the inhabitants of the air follow their humanitarian friend, answering to a whistle call and pecking from the tips of his fingers.

The pig in his life (and death) plays many parts, but I do not remember that he has ever before come out in the character of a life-saving hero. Greatness has been thrust upon him by some ingenious person whose name does not transpire, and in this wise. On Oct. 17 last, at midnight, the steamer *Kameruka* struck on rocks near Moruya Head, off the New South Wales coast; it was blowing hard, considerable sea was running, and the ocean currents of this part of the coast are very strong. When day broke passengers and crew found themselves on a ship steadily settling down and within one hundred and fifty yards of the beach. All attempts to float a line ashore failed, and a plucky seaman who tried to swim through the surf was carried away by the current and narrowly escaped drowning. In these straits a passenger recollected that the pig is a powerful swimmer, and that pigs formed part of the live-stock on board; forthwith a pig was chosen and sent overboard with a light rope attached. He speedily made his way ashore, to be captured by the previously helpless lookers-on and relieved of the cord. By means of this they drew a stout rope ashore from the wreck, and a "cradle" slung on this took crew and passengers, to the number of forty, off in safety. If those forty men have not solemnly bound themselves to abstain from pork and ham for the remainder of their natural lives, they are men without shame who know not gratitude.

A correspondent complained the other day of the lack of intelligence displayed by the G. P. O. in the non-delivery of an insufficiently addressed letter, but, as an instance of official wrong-headedness, the following, from another correspondent, "caps" it, I think. I accompanied a lady into a post-office in Regent Street (he writes), where she wrote to a relative, forwarding the letter by "express delivery," and requesting the reply to be brought to a post-office in the Strand. About an hour and a half afterwards the lady called at this latter post-office and ascertained that there was a reply addressed to the name she gave, but the official declined to hand it over without proof of the lady's identity. I at once offered my card, stated

that I was a member of the Bar, and would vouch for the lady's identity. But no, the lady must produce an old envelope addressed to her, or show her name on her handkerchief. The lady had no old envelope in her possession, and her handkerchief was embroidered with her Christian name only. Need I say the lady declined to display any other article of her attire, and left without the letter.

Apropos of the recent motor-car parade in London, the Liverpool branch of the Self-Propelled Traffic Association, of which Lord Derby is the President, is organising a special competition intended to arrive at a type of heavy motor-car suitable for trade purposes in Liverpool and its neighbourhood, and the maximum distance to be traversed will be forty miles. The competition will be in May next, and will be open to all nations. Its object is to ascertain the feasibility of establishing a service of motor-cars which shall, from an economic point of view, transport goods between Liverpool and Manchester at a lower cost than the present rates charged by either the Manchester Canal route or the North-Western Railway Company.

With Christmas comes the usual issue of seasonable games. 'Tectotum was our ancestors' fail-me-never and their chief standby, but we are blessed in these days with a greater variety. Messrs. Faulkner and Co., of Jewin Street (memorable locality now), send me a selection of parlour-games; one is the ever-popular

"Halma," two seem to be modifications or developments of the same, and one is a variation of "Bean Bags." The Halma outgrowths are called respectively "Scura" and "Ports," the object in each being to capture positions on the marked board. "The Magic Bags," again, divert the players by testing skill at throwing loosely filled bags of various sizes into a square box. As the bags are erratic in their movements, this feat is not so easy as it looks. Lastly, there is "Association Football" for the table—evidently a modification of the once popular (or should I say still popular?) "Tiddly-winks." Those of us who, unlike St. Paul, have not yet put away childish things, or who relish a brief return to the same, may not find the new game amiss.

Some very successful and pretty tableaux, of which I reproduce two, entitled "The Quarrel" and "Coming Round," were given in the large hall of the Mont Dore, Bournemouth, on Nov. 30, in aid of the funds of the Oxford University Extension Centre. The tableaux, some twenty in number, were chiefly chosen from well-known English and foreign pictures, and, under the able direction of Mr. Herman Salomon, an artist of more than local repute, assisted by several other local gentlemen, were both unusually well-costumed and well-staged, as well as thoroughly popular and artistic in character. Large and fashionable audiences witnessed the tableaux at both performances. And not least successful were the two pictures I give of Miss Phyllis Meame and Mr. L. Burgiss Brown in their picturesque old-time costumes.



FEEDING THE PIGEONS IN HYDE PARK.

Photo by Palmer, Great Yarmouth.



THE QUARREL.

Photo by Reed, Bournemouth.



COMING ROUND.

Photo by Reed, Bournemouth.



No feature of the Tennessee Centennial Exposition, which has just closed, was more enjoyed by the masses than the nightly illumination of the buildings and grounds, an innovation that was inaugurated only a short time before the closing. The great force that was by day directed to the operation of the machinery exhibits was by night turned over to the generation of the electric current which was used to throw the exterior of the buildings, as well as the entire grounds, into a blaze of glory. There were used for this purpose 17,482 incandescent lamps, ranging from two to three hundred candle-power, and also 446 arc lights. The latter were utilised principally to illuminate the grounds, while the others were used to secure the decorative effects. Each of the main buildings was outlined in incandescent lamps, while the sides of the structures in "Vanity Fair" were decorated in coloured lamps to suit the fancy of the persons having them in charge. The Agricultural Building was, perhaps, the most beautiful original design. It required the use of 1800 lights alone for outside decoration. The style and contour of each building had been so closely followed in the electrical decoration that a person entering the grounds at night for the first time might readily distinguish the style of architecture and the characteristics of each particular structure. A very interesting feature of this nightly illumination was the corona of arc lights hung on the main flag-pole, which was a towering structure 210 feet high.

Referring to those terrible death duties that I mentioned in these columns last week, a friend of mine, a business gentleman, suggests that the Chancellor of the Exchequer's remedy for the epidemic of giving

of a historic event. Crowds of applicants still await the delivery of their Jubilee medals, and as, for the present at any rate, the Mint are receiving no fresh orders, it would appear that their "wait" will be a long one. It may be a satisfaction, therefore, to the authorities to learn that in some of our more distant colonies the medal has been hailed with acclamation. Some that I sent away myself have been acknowledged from the far Pacific, with many thanks to the sender, and with considerable praise of the home authorities for their consideration in issuing the medallion; and in one case that I know of a whole township was distinctly gratified and its trade stimulated by the timely arrival of a solitary specimen.

A good deal was heard not long since regarding a Transatlantic prodigy in the person of a child preacher. It appears that the Principality has produced a similar phenomenon in Master Willie Powell, who, although he has only passed his thirteenth birthday, addressed a large assemblage in Cardiff one Sunday evening lately for forty-eight minutes, and enthralled his audience from the first word to the last. Master Powell, when only five years old, would, it is related, ask his parents if he should "preach" to them, and when he had attained the mature age of ten permission was granted him to address private meetings in the church to which his parents adhered. The youthful homilist possesses no remarkable outward characteristics; he is rather slender in limb, has a full chest, a large head, and square brow, dark-blue eyes, not large, but bright, protected by spectacles. Master Powell has not developed the gift of conversation; he is, however, perfectly unconscious



RIALTO AND AGRICULTURAL BUILDING AT THE TENNESSEE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.

away which has seized on some of our rich folk might be checked, if not cured, by increasing the fees for transfers of stock and of real property in all cases where it could not be shown that such transfers were for *actual*, not *nominal*, value. I confess I am doubtful as to the practicability of the suggestion as a universal cure, though in one or two cases of millionaires making over huge amounts in their lifetime which have come under my notice it would have had the desired effect. I am doubtful, too, if human nature will not be too strong for the bulk of wealthy people to adopt the giving-away system. My experience is that most of them would not only stick to their wealth till the very last moment, but would study a stock and share list and their banker's book on their death-beds, and, if possible, take their securities with them. Curiously enough, the rich parsons are the worst examples of this passion. They must surely have misread that text about "purse and scrip," to judge from their zeal to fill the one and purchase the other, especially when the latter represents a lucrative investment. By the way, I was told the other day a sad tale of an elderly widower, in a poor state of health, who made over the whole of his estate to his son. He got wonderfully better, went up to London, met a charming young woman, and wanted to marry her; but, alack! when it came to settlements, he had positively nothing to settle, and, as his son peremptorily refused to give him permission to marry, the engagement was broken off.

The Diamond Jubilee medal can hardly claim to have given universal satisfaction in this country; indeed, putting aside the question of its merits or defects as a work of art, the method of its issue has been a constant source of annoyance to a public eager to acquire this memento

of nervousness, and is at perfect ease when speaking to thousands. He is said to study his sermons thoroughly; he is neither a plagiarist nor an imitator, and, while he does not write a line or take a single note to the pulpit, he prepares himself thoroughly for his work. With these endowments it is not wonderful that the Rhondda Valley rings with his fame, or that, like some of our famous novelists, the engagements of this youthful Apollos extend into the next century.

In excluding from the list of speakers at the Robert Louis Stevenson memorial meeting in Melbourne those of a nationality akin to the man whose memory they were seeking to honour, the universality of the genius and the broad cosmopolitan character of the sympathies of R. L. S. were the more strikingly demonstrated. One speaker asserted that the three prose writers of the century who had enlarged the bounds of the English language were De Quincey, Ruskin, and Stevenson. How Stevenson achieved his style—for it was not born with him—would yet, this Antipodean Stevensonian averred, be one of the classic stories of our literature. Stevenson was the one man of modern times, declared another admirer, who had striven to make the prose of England equal to that of France. He was a thorough artist, and his works were free from the sham psychology and the discussion of sexual and social problems that so many modern novelists affect. Not merely as an artist did Stevenson appeal to Rolf Boldrewood. That Australasian writer emphasised the attention the dead novelist gave to human interests and actualities. To his dying days in Samoa he never relaxed these, but strove for honour and justice and mercy to the inferior races. He had secured himself a monument of love and adoration from the people among whom he lived.



An interesting little story, from the point of view of the drama, is given in the new biography of Cardinal Wiseman which Messrs. Longman have just published—

When Charles Kean was in course of his Shaksperian revivals at the Princess's, he was at a loss how to dress for Cardinal Wolsey in "Henry VIII." In his difficulty he drove to York Place and consulted Wiseman, who thereupon promptly summoned his servant and secretary and had himself vested in all his robes, giving for the actor's benefit a kind of extempore lecture on the name and history of each as it was put on. Charles Kean was very anxious that the Cardinal should see him play Wolsey, and proposed to drape a private box in such a manner that Wiseman should be present without being visible to the audience.

Admirers of the personal touch will be interested to hear that Mr. Justice Darling generally walks up to the Law Courts of a morning. A friend of mine often meets him in Whitehall shortly before ten. The new judge, who is now rather grey, wears a top-hat on these occasions, presumably by way of preparation for his official wig.

Mr. James Bryce, M.P., took the chair at the annual dinner of the Norwegian Club, which was held yesterday week in the Princes' Room of the Hotel Cecil. The dinner was followed by a concert given by the Scandinavian Quartette. There were about a hundred and fifty guests.

What's in a name? "Sunlight and Shadow" is the title of the latest Yankee book on photography. What does Mr. Carton say?

Mr. Cellier, the brother of the composer and of the conductor of the Savoy, gave "The Mountebanks" at Sydenham this year. Mr. Trevor

Rowland was the Bartolo and Miss Edith Waller the Nita, and the penny in the slot arrangement was very funny.

We are becoming very civilised indeed. I hear, for instance, that it is now becoming customary for a hostess to place a bottle of Pepsalia on the table for the use of her guests, so that they may digest her dinners. It is not in any sense a medicine, but purely an adjunct to the food, to lessen the work of the stomach.

The *Indian Daily News* cites a number of cases of articles sent to India by the enterprising German, and artfully labelled with English words, with no indication of the country of origin. Perhaps the most astonishing item is the



"Put a Penny in the Slot."

"THE MOUNTEBANKS" AT SYDENHAM.

Photo by Goodwin, Anerley Road, S.E.

fact that "Scotch whisky" is now manufactured in large quantities in Germany for export to India. The bottles and labels are said to be ingenious imitations of the genuine article, and though in some instances the label bears the words "Made in Germany," the corks and capsules are not so branded.

Drumtochy dramatised—that is the latest project. Ian MacLaren's "Brier Bush" stories have just been turned into a play by Mr. James MacArthur, the co-editor of the *American Bookman*, and will be produced in New York next month. A notable feature will be the introduction of Scotch humorous part-songs, such as are sung by the Glasgow Select Choir. They will be sung by a trained male quartette, appearing in the play as haymakers, farm-hands, and the like. Mr. J. H. Stoddart, who has long been a popular favourite with the American public, and a Glasgow man, is engaged to play the principal part. He is considered one of the best "old man" actors on the American stage. The managers anticipate quite a successful run for the piece, and, if this is assured, they will also make arrangements for its production in England. I am told that the adapters (for Mr. MacArthur has had assistance) had no difficulty in getting the play accepted. The managers were quite enthusiastic when it was read to them, and in less than a week the contract was signed. Drumtochy is also to the front in the shape of the inhabitant of Drumtochy Manse—namely, the Rev. A. B. Orr, the Rector of Auchinblae, in Kincardineshire, who, under the name of "Barrington Macgregor," has written a pretty book of fairy-tales, called "King Long Beard; or, Annals of Golden Dreamland," for Mr. John Lane, which I hope to deal with elsewhere some day soon. The illustrations, by Mr. Charles Robinson, are admirable. Mr. Orr is the grandnephew of the inventor of soda-water. His handwriting is so beautiful that I once reproduced it in facsimile in these pages,

Miss Henrietta Watson is already spoken of as the probable Cecilia in "Mayflower," when that play follows in due course at the Duke of York's. She will be well remembered by London playgoers in the recent revival of "The School for Scandal" at the Lyceum, and in the provinces as one of the very best of Trilbys. She came to us as an



MISS HENRIETTA WATSON.

Photo by Morrison, Chicago.

Australian, for all her professional work had been done in the Antipodes prior to her London début in "Thoroughbred" at Toole's, but she is English born and comes of good old theatrical stock, her father having been the late Mr. J. B. Watson and her mother Miss Madge Johnstone, still one of the most popular members of the profession. She was educated in England, and also played here as a child, but, going to Australia when only seventeen, she returned again as a colonial product. Having been seen by Mr. Musgrove, she was engaged to accompany Mrs. Bernard Beere on her tour, and, at the termination of that season, was secured by Messrs. Williamson and Musgrove to play lead, her opening part in Sydney being Nellie Denner in "The Silver King." So popular did she become that at the end of that season she was persuaded to sign for yet another two years, being thereby compelled to decline very tempting offers to come home. However, at the end of that engagement she determined to come at all costs, and as soon as she landed she signed with our veteran comedian, at once scoring an immense success as the Hon. Wilhelmina Carlingham in "Thoroughbred." Miss Watson was put on the stage long before she was old enough to either have or express any inclinations, dramatic or otherwise, for before she was seven she had made her first appearance in "East Lynne" as Little Willie. In later years she has played in many comedies and dramas, and will be remembered as a charming Stephanie in "A Royal Divorce," at the Olympic.

Miss Dorrie Harris, the nine-year-old actress now playing so sympathetically the part of Suzanne in "A Man's Shadow," at Her Majesty's, is already known to fame, though the present is her first appearance without her sister Marie. Hitherto the two little girls, who are slender, picturesque young people, with golden hair falling on their shoulders, have always acted or danced together, their career having commenced a couple of winters ago as speciality dancers in the Parkhurst pantomime of "Dick Whittington." They are pupils of Mr. West, of Wigmore Street, and were trained in the high kick and terpsichorean art for three years. Last winter Marie and Dorrie were the dainty Babes in the Wood in the Glasgow pantomime of "Robin Hood and the Babes in the Wood," when Miss Vesta Tilley enacted the rôle of the dashing hero of Sherwood Forest. Previous to the revival of "A Man's Shadow," the little girls played in the prologue of the Adelphi drama as Laurence Aylmer and Dorothy Mayne, who, later on in the play as "grown-ups," were interpreted by Mr. Terriss and Miss Millward. When Mrs. Harris called on Mr. Tree with her two little daughters, it was a question of inches which decided Dorrie's fate, Marie being judged a trifle too tall for Mrs. Tree to carry on the stage. The little sisters were invited to play in the Newcastle pantomime this Christmas, but elected to stay in London. Suzanne of the stage is an unaffected little girl, who showed me with pride the signed photograph of Miss Marion Terry, and the two dollies that lady gave them as a souvenir of the Adelphi performance, while with great glee she afterwards produced a casket of sweets which a kind and thoughtful admirer had sent for her to the theatre on the preceding evening.



MISS MARIE AND MISS DORRIE HARRIS.

Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



Miss Lini Verdi, who is now playing her original part of the Broom-binder in "The Children of the King," at the Court Theatre, is English, and off the stage one of the most demure of children, though she is proud of her present "engagement," as she says she is "now an artist." Her first appearance was made about eighteen months ago at a matinée at the Empire, when her baby efforts in "Tom-lit" and a Spanish



LINI VERDI IN "THE CHILDREN OF THE KING."

Photo by Hana, Strand.

measure were rapturously applauded; but since then her appearances have been confined to benefits and bazaars, all "for charity's sake," and her delight in her first *real* engagement has been and is still intense. She is now only nine years of age, small and slight, but she is extremely clever, and, as well as being a born dancer, she seems to have plenty of dramatic talent, as is shown in her persuasions for the Prince to "buy a broom! a royal broom!" and also in her solicitude for the wanderings of the royal couple; and the pathos of her curtain when she is left watching their flight from the too-prosperous city reminds one of the artistic loneliness of "Kelpie's Flow" at the Lyceum. However, Miss Verdi's career will be watched with interest, for her dancing is the poetry of motion, not modern gymnastics, and she does infinite credit to her talented teacher, Madame Cavallazzi, of Empire fame.

The changes made in "The Children of the King," as revived, are not in the structure, but in the detail, and, in most cases, justify themselves by rendering the work more dramatic, and removing *des longueurs* that were severely felt at times during the first night. The experiment of adding music by Mr. Arthur Hervey to that of Humperdinck obviously is daring. Fortunately, Mr. Hervey, a musician of distinction in style, has done his work very skilfully, so that only the very critical are likely to complain, while the general public will be pleased. The performance of Miss Cissie Loftus is really charming in its tenderness and simplicity. Mr. Martin Harvey is a gallant young prince, while the work of Mr. Boucicault is an admirable piece of romantic acting, although his fall head-over-heels is not at all graceful or impressive, and might well be dispensed with. It is pleasant to be able to add that the revival had a very favourable reception.

The other day one of my correspondents stated that a scene in T. H. Craven's play, "Meg's Diversions," realised Millais' picture "Broken Vows." Another correspondent, who points out that the picture was by Calderon, writes—

I remember that one of the characters was taken by a young actor, one Mr. Charles Wyndham, about whose wig some of the critics were very facetious. Imagine anybody chaffing Charles Wyndham nowadays about his make-up. If I remember right, Mr. Wyndham's next engagement was at the Queen's Theatre in Long Acre, where he was in the famous cast of Byron's "Dearest Than Life," which was nearly altogether made up of future actor-managers. Toole was Michael Garner; Lionel Brough, then new to the London stage, was a disreputable old uncle; Charles Wyndham was the son, whose evil genius, a sporting young man, Bob Gassit, was impersonated by Henry Irving. John Clayton took a minor part. Miss Henrietta Hodson was in the cast, other members of which I have forgotten, save that a minor part, that of an old lady, was taken by a very young lady, Miss Ewell, who then made her first appearance on the stage in the

theatre that was built on the site of her old home. The Queen's Theatre replaced St. Martin's Hall, which had been destroyed by fire some few years before. St. Martin's Hall was occupied by Professor John Hullah, who had a residence on the premises, and Miss Ewell, otherwise Miss Caroline Hullah, was his eldest daughter. It is probably merely a slip of the pen that made Mr. Austin Brereton say, in the December number of the *English Illustrated Magazine*, that Horace Wigan was the manager of the Queen's Theatre. It was, of course, Alfred Wigan, an admirable actor, and, it may be judged, a manager of singularly acute judgment, since his company was almost entirely made up of young actors and actresses who have all since those days achieved distinction on the English stage. Miss Ellen Terry was a member of the company, and appeared with Wigan in the opening piece, a dramatisation of Charles Reade's novel, "White Lies." Wigan played the part of a Bonapartist general, who had become possessed of the property of a *ci-devant* noble. Wigan revived some of his old successful pieces, and Miss Terry and Mr. Wyndham played with him and Mrs. Wigan in "Still Waters Run Deep." A few months before, W. H. Swanborough asked me one night to accompany him to the Knightsbridge Music-Hall, a very minor place of entertainment, to hear a girl who could sing. The turn was announced as Madame Losebini and Miss Constance, a mother and daughter. They were both far above the standard of the place, but I never heard that Swanborough went further into his intended negotiation. However, Wigan caught up Miss Constance Loseby, and she appeared with him as the daughter in "The First Night" to his famous Achilles Talma Dufard, and did justice to his discrimination.

A timely tribute to the late Druriolanus has been made by Mr. E. D. Parke in a little book called "Opera under Augustus Harris," published by Saxon. It is a bare statement of facts, but the facts speak to the extraordinary energy which Sir Augustus displayed in revivifying grand opera as a financial if not always an artistic possibility.

The directors of the Empire Theatre have given us back the cave scene of that delightful "Monte Cristo." I cannot forgive them for producing the finest ballet London has ever seen and then administering it in homœopathic doses; but, none the less, I am grateful for the cave scene, for it is one of the best. Moreover, it brought to my notice a very charming premier dancer in the person of Mdlle. Adeline Genée, who brings with her a considerable reputation from Vienna. I am always pleased to welcome a new premier dancer; London sees so few, and has so little appreciation to spare for them at any time. Mdlle. Genée commands admiration, for she is graceful, has a charming figure, and is a skilled executant of the familiar steps. While I do not venture to compare her with Cerali Nelidova or Legnani, it remains to state that she is a highly trained and extremely intelligent dancer, trained in the orthodox style, and using her heart as well as her limbs. Before she has been on the stage five minutes one recognises how hopeless it is for English girls, with their little training and scanty practice, to compete with these hard-working, enthusiastic Southern girls, to whom dancing is so much more than a mechanical accomplishment. I watched Mdlle. Genée's spirited performance with great interest and pleasure, and think that the Empire authorities have again made a fortunate choice. I hope the new-comer will have a part in the new ballet, which, *on dit*, will have more than usual interest for all people connected with newspapers. Marguerite Cornille is doing excellent work at the Empire, in a programme that sparkles with "stars." A Racing Sketch is on the tapis.



SISTER MARTHA AND BROTHER PAUL, AGED THREE AND FOUR.

Photo by Robinson, Dublin.





THE PREMIÈRE DANSEUSE AT THE EMPIRE: MDLLE. ADELINE GENÉE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LUTZEL, MUNICH.



## LULLABY LAND AND ITS PEOPLE.

Eight years ago London rang, as only London can, with a tragedy—the tale of woe which immortalised “Little Johnnie Jones and his Sister Sue.” The sad story had been flashed on the town by the merry folk of the Gaiety



### LITTLE MISTRESS SANS-MERCI.

OF LULLABY LAND.

Lullaby Land is a strange country, such as no mortal eye hath seen, and yet just such as childhood might picture, or, at least, appreciate. Nobody, for instance, has

... ever heard of the Sugar-Plum Tree?  
’Tis a marvel of great renown;  
It blooms on the shore of the Lollipop Sea,  
In the garden of Shut-Eye Town;

and yet we want to know all about it. Lullaby Land is indeed peopled by strange folk. There is the Rock-a-By Lady from Hushaby Street; there is the extraordinary Dinkey-Bird a-singing in the amfalula-tree; the gingham dog and the calico cat, who quarrel; the mysterious Lady

Button-Eyes; “Shuffle-Shoon and Amber Locks sit together building blocks”; Pittypat and Tippytoe (who but they could “work such woe”); and, best of all, there is Wynken, Blynken, and Nod, who once “sailed off in a wooden shoe into a sea of dew.” The story of each and all is told with a peculiarly felicitous form of jingle, and they are all explained just as the child demands. For instance—

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,  
And Nod is a little head;  
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies  
Is a wee one’s trundle bed.

Mr. Robinson’s pictures are very charming. Look at his picture of Little Mistress Sans-Merci. Do you wonder that—

She hath made a slave of me!  
“Go!” she biddeth, and I go;  
“Come!” and I am fain to come.  
Never mercy doth she show,  
Be she wroth or frolicsome.  
Yet am I content to be  
Slave to Mistress Sans-Merci.

As befits the itinerary to Lullaby Land, the book is beautifully printed. It makes an ideal gift to all; for it will continue to interest even when we begin to rationalise Wynken, Blynken, and Nod.

Another beautiful guide to Lullaby Land—which I take as the generic name for all child-verse—is “The Nursery Rhyme Book,” which Mr. Andrew Lang has edited and which Mr. Leslie Brooke has illustrated for Frederick Warne and Co. One may doubt whether much verse

written for children will be read by children, but here Mr. Lang has given us the classics of cradledom. He arranges them under fourteen heads, beginning with historical catches, going right through the entire catalogue—tales, proverbs, songs, riddles, games, and so on. He has also written an unusually delightful preface, in which he harks back to his old love, the days of Jacobitism and of romance. For instance, he explains who was the “Oranger” to whom King James VII. gave his daughter. He might have told us that Orange was in France, and not in Holland, and has no connection with that splendid Orangeland which Hilda Wangel invaded. Then he has his theory about King Georgey Porgey (of Hanover), who kissed the girls and made them cry. But who was Old King Cole? Mr. Lang himself does not know that, but Mr. Brooke’s picture of the merry old soul will satisfy all readers. Indeed, most of Mr. Brooke’s are charming. And the publishers have done all that was possible to turn out a beautiful book. Seldom, in fact, have Messrs. Warne sent forth anything so good in point of *format* as this. They have fallen into step with the time, and will find that this policy will repay them.

A tiny booklet, and yet so delightful, has been issued as part of the Christmas Number of *Woman*, under the title of “Christmas Posy: a Bunch of Verses for Children.” The verse, which has been jingled by Elizabeth Forrester, is simple but not silly. The coloured illustrations by Mr. Frank P. Marriott are very charming in a brilliant decorative way. One will keep this posy long after the Christmas of 1897 is forgotten.

Like Eugene Field, Miss Lydia Avery Coonley, who has written the “Singing Verses for Children,” to the music of various hands, is an American, and her book comes to us through the Macmillan Company,



OLD KING COLE.

As conceived by Mr. Leslie Brooke in “The Nursery Rhyme Book.”

New York, prettily illustrated in colours by Alice Kellogg Tyler. She has very little of the fancy which is instinct in “Lullaby Land,” but she has a certain touch now and again. For instance—

A sunbeam touched my little bed;  
“Good morning, dear,” he gently said.  
I opened wide my sleepy eyes,  
And said “Good morning,” with surprise;  
“I cannot think that night is gone,  
And are you sure that this is morn?”

The sunbeam laughed and shook his head:  
“Last night you would not go to bed,  
And that is why you sleep so late,  
And make me climb the window gate  
To say Wake up, you sleepy dear!  
Wake up! God bless you! Morning’s here.”

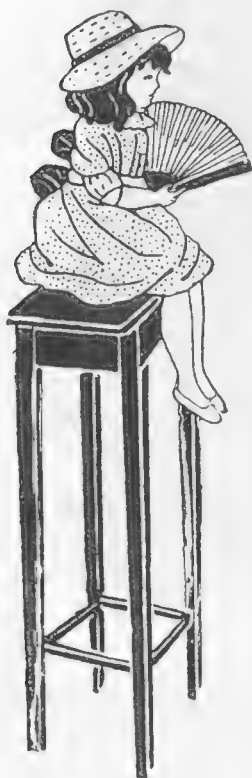
But no little boy, save an American, could address the moon as—

Silver lady in the sky,  
I’ll your lover be.

Mr. Sidney Heath has drawn some quaint pictures for his book of verses, which he calls “Songs for the Children” (Chapman and Hall). He is essentially a decorative artist, and if he had got a humorous literary helpmate, he would have made a better book. As it is, the rhymers are not so clever as the artist. The description of Somebody’s Maid may be quoted—

She loves to tease me with her tricks;  
Methinks I ought to flout her;  
Yet spite of all I must confess  
Life had but little loveliness  
Were I without her.

The pictures arrest attention and call for that close inspection which implies real interest. The book is excellently printed. J. M. B.



SOMEBODY’S MAID.

According to Mr. Sidney Heath in  
“Songs for the Children.”

## "THE HAPPY LIFE" AND ANOTHER.

The setting of Mr. Louis Parker's new play, "The Happy Life," carries the mind back irresistibly to another love-drama in the Temple, to "Sweet Lavender," and it is noteworthy that in both there is a kind of fairy-tale flavour, emphasised in Mr. Parker's work by symbolical touches. The first act gives a dinner in Fig Tree Court, and presents Cyril Charteris, the thirty-year-old wealthy American, who is almost a recluse and quite a book-lover and curio-hunter, who is content and has never known love—content because he has never known love. A charming fellow Charteris, and wise in his theories of life—theories shattered when, late at night, he finds a beautiful girl, senseless from an accident, alone with him in his rooms. Such a position might supply an awkward case for "Vanity Fair." Cyril's idea of a solution would hardly win a prize, for his conduct was to the last degree foolish.

What could he do next morning, when he takes to her home the girl who passed the night in his rooms, save offer to marry her. He offered, not quite unwillingly, for her beauty had caught his fancy; but, of course, he knew nothing about her, not even whether she was honest or not. She accepted him with "hate and fear" in her heart, but her reputation had to be considered. So they were married. Fig Tree Court has more experience in breaking than making marriages and this union threatened to be a failure. He was kind and indulgent to Evelyn his wife—wife only in name—and infinitely patient and generous to her detestable, vulgar mother, and her contemptible cad of a brother. His love prompted his conduct; but, unfortunately, Evelyn mistook his motives, and, though she had grown to love him, imagined that he hated her because of the almost forced marriage.

So for weeks these two lived together—together, yet worlds apart, though their hearts yearned for one another. How was the misunderstanding between them to be cleared up? By means of a Polish Prince, who made love to Evelyn and nearly caused a duel, and by means of the sister of Charteris, a lively American girl with a desire to make the dry-goods business hum. Perhaps in real life no such intervention would have been needed. That doubtless is of no importance; the really vital fact is that Cyril and Evelyn learnt the secret of their mutual love, and, I trust, lived happily ever after. Probably they went to America in order to be distant from her horrible family.

Such a mixture of sentiment and clever pictures of Evelyn's family, deftly handled by a writer like Mr. Parker, one of our ablest dramatists, and admirably acted, could hardly fail to please our public. Mr. Fred Kerr's work as Cyril showed the clever light comedian at his best, and Miss Dorothea Baird was vastly pathetic in the part of Evelyn. Mr. Hermann Vezin made a "hit" by an admirable piece of acting as a

hapless bookseller's hack. The lighter love interest was in the hands of Mr. Sydney Brough and Miss Henrietta Watson, both of whom played capital. Mr. Aubrey Fitzgerald was very amusing as Evelyn's caddish brother, and it would be unfair not to speak a word of praise concerning Mr. Arthur Elwood and Mr. Scott Buist.

Miss Carlota Nillson, who plays the part of the sprightly, business-like young American girl, comes from "the land of the Stars and Stripes." But she is no Yankee except that she is brimful of American ideas and love of the great country in which she was brought up. She really hails from Sweden, "where singers are as common as sparrows," as she is wont to say while undervaluing her inheritance of a sweetly modulated soprano voice. Though new to the London stage, except for

her appearance in "The Children of the King," Miss Nillson is no novice in dramatic art. I note in the cuttings from the American Press before me that, when playing Violet Desmond in "The Crust of Society," under the late John Stetson, she "displayed quite a touch of genius," and when appearing as Ernestine Echo on another tour through the United States in the same play she was "particularly sympathetic." She made "a bewitching summer-girl" in "Look Pleasant," a charming item in the triple bill of the Four Seasons Stock Company, one of the touring comedy companies, while her Lois in Jerome Jerome's "Sunset" was declared to be "especially winsome." Off the stage and out of her present character, Miss Nillson speaks with the accent of an educated American lady. She has taken finishing lessons, too, from Miss Geneviève Ward.

Mr. A. E. W. Mason did a very clever thing when he wrote that delightful romance, "The Courtship of Morrice Buckler," which seems an ingenious cross between Stanley Weymanism and the pleasures of Hope; but he has failed to make a good play of his book. That surprises me, for Mr. Mason, as an actor of six years' experience, must know the requirements of the stage thoroughly. The fact, however, remains. But for my knowledge of the story I should have been unable to follow the plot of the play which Mr. Yorke



MISS CARLOTA NILLSON, WHO PLAYS THE AMERICAN HEROINE IN "THE HAPPY LIFE."

Photo by Ells, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

Stephens produced at the Grand Theatre, Islington, last week. The play opens very badly. Instead of stating clearly the whys and the wherefores, it is dribbled away in minor issues. That is not irremediable, and, in view of the excellence of the last two acts and of the literary touch about the dialogue, it is regrettable. The real discovery of the play is the striking acting of Miss Esmé Beringer as the Countess Lukstein—a fine part, ranging from sentiment to calculating common sense. Miss Beringer alone among her colleagues grasped the whole situation, and acted with rare power. She has every qualification for a great actress, and she will yet be recognised for all her worth. Miss Furtado Clarke was charming in the part of her companion. The men were only so-so. Mr. Stephens did not grip me at all. Mr. Charles Fulton was excellent, but he had so little to do as the hapless Sir Julian. Mr. Abingdon played the villain.



## A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

## AT THE BUGHAUN.

BY MAY TYSON.

The Bughaun is the name of a square, half-covered spring which gushes in the centre of a narrow grass-field. It is not a lucky spring, but merely a commodity for the production of clear water.

Moggie leaned over it, filling her cans, her heavily brogued feet swamping themselves in the mud as she did so. She was an elegant slip of a girl, with a graceful carriage of the head, and a clear, hearty colour in her cheeks. She was one of the two servant-girls belonging to the house standing stiffly three fields away.

She straightened herself with a flushed face as she drew up the second can. She placed it on the grass beside her, and, stepping back to the firmer ground, proceeded, leisurely, to arrange the kerchief she wore pinned round her neck.

The creak of the gate in the corner caught her waiting ear, and she twisted round expectantly.

"Neddy!" she cried. But the gate gaped vacantly.

"Oh, then, you needn't be hidin'. I know well you're there."

"Who's hidin'?" said Neddy, with a grin, as he returned to his post.

"You war," retorted Moggie contemptuously, tilting her chin in the air. "An' so well you might, for y'are the most igorest thick that ever cut sods wid a spade; so y'are. So now!"

"Ah, sure, I was never well up like you, Moggie, an' 'twould be too much to be expectin' me to be as polite as yourself."

He leaned lazily against the gate.

"Maybe you'll come over till I court ye, darlin'?"

Neddy was a tall, large-boned young fellow, with pleasant, refined features, and devilment in his eye. He was earning eighteen shillings a-week as head man on the farm. He was not quite illiterate, for he could read print. He and Moggie had been "foolin'" for some time.

"No!" she shrieked indignantly, in answer to his last remark; "I wouldn't go near ya ef you war dyin', Neddy Curtis, an' never will."

"Ef I g' over to ya I'll ram your head down the well," he called rudely, following the approved method of love-making.

"Maybe 'twould take y' out o' your way," returned Moggie bitterly, "an' Grin Kenny might be waitin' on ye."

Neddy hitched his moleskins.

"What about Grin?" said he uneasily. "Let her g' long to blazes, Moggie."

"Aye, an' you along wid her," sniffed the girl. "I'll have no more to say to ya, sow I wown't—never, Neddy Curtis, as long's me name's what it es."

A sob rose in her throat as she turned to go, and Neddy was shaken with remorse. He stole stealthily through the gate and sped across the field.

"Ow!" cried Moggie. She tried to run—but what can you do with a can in each hand?

"Ah! will ye mind the wather?" said she, with a blush.

"Sure, how can I when I'm lookin' at you?" whispered her lover.

So Moggie grew kind.

"What are y' at?" she asked interestedly, as, leaving the cans, they crossed the grass preparatory to seating themselves in the side of the treeless green mound which, lookin' like a lengthy and overgrown grave, divided the fields.

"Loadin' brocilla," he replied wearily, drawing his blue-shirted arm across his forehead. "Janny an' Ginger is wid me."

"It's aisy seen the Masther's in Dublin," chuckled Moggie, leaning back luxuriously as she dug her feet into the soft earth of the ditch.

"It's aiser seen Herself's in bed with the cowl," retorted Neddy with a grin.

She laughed softly.

"God send, though," said she, with fervour, "that she don't stretch her oul' head through the winda, wid a bawl that'd knock ye baw-ways. Maybe, Neddy, we ought to go set over there, where she couldn't see us so handy; an' we'd be ou' o' the way o' them stownes that eejit's flyin'. St-st! Oh, my Gawd! That wan might as well ha' taken the head o' me."

"Hey! Red fella! Stap paggin' them stownes."

For Ginger, a youth of a singularly thoughtful nature, knowing how often even the most devoted lover finds the conversation flagging, conceived this original and delicate method of assisting his friend in his possible embarrassment.

"How are ye gettin' on wit jer coortin'?" he shouted cheerfully.

"Betther nor you an' the 'Choild'!" roared the lovers together.

"Keep yer eye on him, Moggie; he's walkin' wit Grin."

"Ow!" ejaculated Moggie. She looked at Neddy with reproach-enlargened eyes. Her mouth went down at the corners.

"Auch!" shouted Neddy, losing his temper suddenly, a failing men are prone to. "Hell to her! Blast her! My Gawd, Moggie, you're enough to dhrive a man to the mad-house."

"Ah, sure, I was only jeerin'," said she quickly. "Sure, doesn't everywan know you wouldn't look at her, the counthry doosh, the Mohawk. You're not mad wid me, Neddy; sure you're not?"

He was frowningly silent.

"Arrah, Neddy!" said she, nearly crying.

He turned his eye on her slyly and then laughed.

"D' ye know who I met this mornin'?" said he, biting a dandelion stalk.

"No," replied Moggie with enthusiasm, as she watched him spit out the bitterness with a wry face.

"The priest," said Neddy, drawing his hand across his mouth. "I'll have to go now. I told him I was ready as soon as you war. I'll ax him to call us on Sunda'—what?"

Moggie stared at him in tremulous adoration.

"Oh, then it's you," murmured she, with a smile and a blush, as she cast down her eyes, "has the devil's cheek, Neddy Curtis!"

## THE LIFT-MAN.

I wonder what the man has been

That he is what he is!

Or has the frame of this machine

For ever sheltered his?

Or does a person have to show

A talent or a gift,

Or any training undergo,

For living in a lift?

I've travelled with him, face to face,

A dozen years or more;

I've always found him in his place,

His hand upon the door.

He answers my electric bell

At every time of day;

Perhaps the lift's his native shell,

In which he's doomed to stay!

I wonder if at any time,

In poverty's despair,

He stumbled to commit a crime,

And now is hiding there.

Perhaps he thinks he might be caught,

E'en now for what he stole:

Perhaps—oh, horrible the thought!—

There's murder on his soul!

Whate'er the crime, if crime at all,

That crime has cost him dear;

The precincts of the prison wall

Were healthier than here!

No man could possibly contrive

To duller place to drift—

(Unless he got interred alive)

Than this unearthly lift.

I wonder when he breaks his fast—

I wonder when he dines;

Of evidence of cold repast

I've seen as yet no signs.

Between his fingers and his thumbs

I've seen no sandwich dry;

Nor have I sat upon the crumbs

Of sausage-roll or pie.

All weathers are to him the same

Behind his sliding door;

The seasons are to him a name,

A rumour, nothing more.

The heat is never on his brow;

He feels no coldness keen;

He's always as I see him now—

A pallid "in between."

I wonder what his aim would be,

And where he'd guide his feet,

If someone came and set him free

And put him in the street!

He'd search, perhaps, for the abode

In which occurred his birth;

Most likely he would miss the road,

And wander off the earth!

No serious affection e'er

Attacks his heart or lung;

I've never found a doctor there

Examining his tongue.

But Fate, in time, is sure to send

His death in some disguise.

I wonder if there's any friend

Who'll claim him when he dies!

L. GODFREY-TURNER.



THE AUTHOR OF "THE HAPPY LIFE"—MR. LOUIS N. PARKER.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.



## MR. THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON'S POEMS.

Until quite recently the public, outside literary circles, had come to regard Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton as a sort of literary "Mrs. Harris"—as something between Mr. Stead's "Julia" and the critical spirit of the age personified. The minor poets—to their credit be it said—have never entertained atheistic doubts about the being of a Theodore Watts. Has not the name been used this last twenty years as a sort of bogey with which to frighten into silence the naughty little boys who would insist upon publishing verse? It is one of the first articles in their creed that on the watch-tower of that stern castle-keep of Literature—the *Athenæum*—there lurks a dreadful ogre who lives upon sucking bards. In nine cases out of ten, when a critic with unraised visor sallies forth from these dreaded portals to administer a well-deserved castigation, or, it may be, only a gentle and salutary chastisement, the castigated person tells you that the hand which struck the blow was that of "Theodore Watts," little knowing—for there are not a score of poets, all told, of whom Mr. Watts-Dunton has written in the *Athenæum*—that the critic in question has, in all probability, never so much as heard the victim's name.

So far from being the critical ogre whose delight it is to rend and trample upon budding bards, the sober fact is that no living man of letters is more genuinely distressed to see a cruel and unjust review than he. It is true that, like his friend George Borrow, Mr. Watts-Dunton will have none of your literary bag-man who puffs his own wares. And it is true, too, that, as he says in "Apollo in Paris"—

He grieves when bastard-brows are  
crowned with flowers,  
And Helicon grows noisier than a  
mart;

but no one is more ungrudging and generous in his recognition of genuine merit. As a matter of fact, he writes comparatively few reviews of poetry in the *Athenæum*, and those few deal only with poets of distinction. "Reviews" is, indeed, hardly the word to apply to his contributions. They are essays pregnant with the fine gold of criticism—essays which display profound scholarship and intimate acquaintance with the literature of the world—but which deal more with the first principles of poetry than with any particular poet.

It is to be hoped that these articles may soon be collected in book form. The public, that much-enduring creditor, has year by year sent in its little bill, headed "Theodore Watts-Dunton: debtor to the English-speaking race," and is becoming impatient that so opulent a debtor should put forward as his only assets certain fugitive essays contained in the files of the *Nineteenth Century* and the *Athenæum*. But if Mr. Watts-Dunton's essays, his novel, his "Recollections," and his *Life of Rossetti* must be written down for the present as "bad debts," he has to an extent compounded—and compounded handsomely—with his creditors by paying off his long-promised volume of poems.

"The Coming of Love" is out at last, and no one is likely to deny that by its publication Mr. Watts-Dunton has enriched English literature. It is a work to the weaving of which he has brought not only, as might have been expected, the nature-worshipper's eye and the poet's art, but also to no inconsiderable extent the musician's ear and the painter's colour sense. He is, of course, first and foremost the poet and the nature-worshipper; but, artist and poet as he is to the finger-tips, he has no sympathy with the shallowness of certain modern poets who gibe at the scientific spirit as antagonistic to the spirit of song. It is, to say the least of it, unusual that poems which display the knowledge of natural science that one expects from a specialist should be found side by side with sonnets in which the very manner and movement of three great composers' musical work is caught and conveyed in the medium of verse.

"The Coming of Love," which gives the volume its title, is a psychological study as singular as it is successful. In a succession of tableaux—sometimes so vivid and realistic that we seem to be looking at a canvas rather than at a printed page; at other times as cloudy and uncanny as the shadow-scenes depicted in a beryl stone or magic crystal—Mr. Watts-Dunton contrives to present before us the evolution of a soul. It is, so to speak, a piece of poetic Darwinism. The drama opens with a picture of the poet, whose one supreme passion is his love of Nature, until love teaches him to read Nature's heart as in his loveless days he had never read it. But it is a Romany girl whom the

poet loves and ultimately marries; and she, in defending herself against the murderous attack of a rejected Gipsy lover, becomes the unwitting agent of her assailant's death, and thereby incurs the terrible tribal vengeance of the Gipsies. She disappears mysteriously after her marriage, and then it is that the half-frenzied husband, driven forth by his anguish into the whited wilderness of the Snow Mountains, finds in place of Nature Benigna, serene of brow and starry of eye, a harpy "red in tooth and claw"—

The Lady of the Hills with crimes untold  
Followed my feet with azure eyes of prey;  
By glacier brink she stood—by cataract spray—  
When mists were dire, or avalanche-echoes rolled.  
At night she glimmered in the death-wind cold,  
And if a footprint shone at break of day,  
My flesh would quail, but straight my soul would say,  
"Tis hers whose hand God's mightier hand doth hold."  
I trod her snow-bridge, for the moon was bright,  
Her icicle-arch across the sheer crevasse,  
When lo! she stood! . . . God made her let me pass,  
Then felled the bridge! . . . Oh, there, in sallow light,  
There down the chasm, I saw her cruel, white,  
And all my wondrous days, as in a glass!

This Blake-like picture marks the crisis but not the close of the drama, for, step by step, we are led from the foot of the precipice of despair to the shining summit of hope, where the red-eyed but beautiful and benignant Mother waits to greet her child again—

What power is this? What witchery  
wins my feet  
To peaks so sheer they scorn the  
cloaking snow,  
All silent as the emerald gulfs  
below,  
Down whose ice-walls the wings of  
twilight beat?  
What thrill of earth and heaven—most  
wild, most sweet—  
What answering pulse that all the  
senses know,  
Comes leaping from the ruddy  
eastern glow  
Where, far away, the skies and  
mountains meet?  
Mother, 'tis I reborn: I know thee  
well:  
That throb I know and all it  
prophesies,  
O Mother and Queen, beneath the  
olden spell  
Of silence, gazing from thy hills  
and skies!  
Dumb Mother, struggling with the  
years to tell  
The secret at thy heart through  
helpless eyes.

Of the patriotic poems I cannot speak with like enthusiasm. "Christmas at the Mermaid" contains many virile and memorable passages; but Mr. Watts-Dunton's love of elision and his partiality for the redundant syllable are allowed—as, indeed, is the case throughout the book—to run riot. Taken as a whole, the poem lacks spontaneity and is unequal. The ballad of "God's Revenge" is a masterly bit of *diablerie*; but such a verse as the following, which the poet puts into the mouth of Raleigh—

Wherever billows foam,  
The Briton fights at home;  
His hearth is built of water—water  
Blue and green;  
There's not a wave of ocean  
The wind can set in motion  
That shall not own our England,  
Our own England Queen.

This is too much in the style of "Rule Britannia"—on a copy of which Carlyle, according to tradition, once wrote "Cock-a-doodle-do!"—to be worthy of Mr. Watts-Dunton. How much "Rule Britannia" owes to its bugle-call music we shall never know. Its patriotism is of a somewhat gassy nature, and had Thomson lived a century or two later one would readily have believed that, like many other articles for British consumption, it had been "made to order"—and "in Germany," after a pattern designed by that well-meaning if ridiculous young man, William the Versatile. It is not when the British Lion is, in Yankee parlance, "doing a prance round" and inviting creation generally to "come on," not when those who are the real "Little Englanders"—since they would belittle England—scream "*My country, right or wrong!*" that the sturdy and splendid spirit of British patriotism leaps in our blood again. Rather is it when we see England as Mr. Watts-Dunton pictures her in the fine sonnet, "England Stands Alone," which shows how bravely he can on occasion catch the true and ancient spirit of British patriotism.

COULSON KERNAHAN.



MR. THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON.

Photo by Poole, Putney.

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## WHAT I AM ABOUT TO DO WITH THE "CRITIC."

## A CHAT WITH MR. HENRY HESS.

Two or three nights ago, in the vestibule of the Lyceum Theatre I chanced upon Mr. Henry Hess (writes a *Sketch* representative), and had a brief chat with him about his paper, the *Critic*. Mr. Hess has a



MR. HENRY HESS.

Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

valuable knack of getting straight to the point, and within ten minutes I had a fair idea of the scope of his new venture.

"It will be the same shape as the *African Critic*, but will consist of some sixty-four pages, all devoted to criticism of men and affairs," he said. "Anonymity will be the regular rule, although the list of journalists already engaged for the various branches of the work makes anonymity an expensive luxury."

"When a proprietor has good goods he likes to label them, so that the public will come in and see what they are like?" I suggested.

"I am satisfied," replied the *African Critic*, "to let the quality of my merry men be demonstrated by their work rather than their reputations, which are in all cases excellent; but I should mention that my

chief assistant will be Mr. W. Purvis, who has been with me since the first issue of the *African Critic*, and to whom I am largely indebted for the success the paper has achieved during its short but varied career in London. I am making a very special feature of sport," he went on, "but will not stray far into the fields of mere gossip, being of the opinion that no satisfactory result can accrue from competition in this direction with the up-to-date section of the daily press that sacrifices the gossip of the hour upon its halfpenny altars."

Mr. Hess looked very well, and spoke very hopefully, although he casually mentioned that he had, in addition to his *cause célèbre*, the worries incidental upon getting out a new paper, and the cares of some five or six small libel actions to bear. "I can't recall the exact number at the moment," he remarked cheerfully, "they are so numerous; but, of course, I shall win them all. And, so far as the *Critic* is concerned, I intend to try to give the public something that has not been given before. To what extent I am to succeed time will show, and, as *The Sketch* has already kindly suggested, I will try to offer up the necessary sacrifice of sinners without making the paper like a shambles. Although, mind you, when I have a spade to describe, I cannot, in moments of enthusiasm, always be content to call it an agricultural implement."

"What gave you the idea of the *Critic*?" I asked in the intervals of a cigarette.

"The idea has been with me for years," he said, with a moment of enthusiasm that contrasted strangely with the restrained, almost nonchalant, mood of his earlier remarks. "I can't say how long it might have taken to develop in the ordinary way, but this is how it actually came about. I had a letter from an old subscriber—a man I never met. He wrote to say that he had followed my financial advice, made money, got rid of all his holdings, and consequently did not want to continue his subscription to the *African Critic*, which had, so far as he was concerned, served its purpose. The letter was not a pleasant one for me to get, but it was reasonable enough, and so I decided that a limited scope for activity was no longer desirable."

"And decided to become a sort of universal provider of criticism?"

"Precisely. I have associated myself in every branch of the work with the best men in London, and ought to succeed. My own work on the paper will be largely directed to the financial part, and specially to the South African section. There I claim, with no false modesty, to be an expert."

Here our brief chat was interrupted by an influx of South Africans, who seemed more concerned with the present than the future, but before we parted I arranged to call and see Mr. Hess at his offices for a final chat.

There, on the following day, I found Mr. Hess, hard at work, but, in the brief intervals between the arrival of telegrams, special messengers, and the constant summons of the table-telephone, he showed me the dummy of the *Critic*, the list of contributors, and the rules to be followed out by them in the interests of the paper.

Finally, after a long chat that does not, *pendente lite*, call for reproduction, the editor-proprietor of the *Critic* showed me the public reading-room and correspondence bureau, a lofty, well-furnished room, with bright fire, big bookshelves, and cosy chairs.

Needless to say, all seats were occupied. I glanced round the room. Every paper of note was to be seen, with the solitary exception of his own. "The people who want that," softly remarked the man of many libel actions, "can get it for sixpence in the publishing department."

Truly Mr. Hess knows his business.

## THE NEW FRENCH ACADEMICIAN.

An event that is always attended by a certain interest, the induction of a new member into the French Academy, took place in Paris last week. The chair left vacant by the death of Alexandre Dumas *fils* is now occupied by M. André Theuriet, poet, novelist, and littérateur.

Born at Marly-le-Roi, of provincial parents—his father was a Burgundian, his mother of Lorraine—Theuriet presents a type of character differing in almost every essential not only from that of Dumas, but also from that of every other Parisian author of the present day. Freed by a life of literary activity in Paris from the slightest taint of provincialism in his style, he nevertheless remains to-day what he was at the beginning of his career, a child of the country. His earliest recollections are, he tells us, not of the people who surrounded him, but rather of "the dull thud of the chestnuts falling upon the sodden autumnal leaves that strewn the ground in the woods of Marly." Such a reminiscence as this throws at once a strong light upon the whole character of the man. It tells us that his nature is unusually sensitive to the impressions of external nature. As he says himself, "Our personality is far less independent of the *non-ego*—that is, of the external world—than we are apt to imagine." In a word, he is a Nature poet, and not a psychologist.

Forced by lack of means to depend upon himself for a livelihood, and recognising in time that literature was, even in literary France, far too precarious a calling to be depended on alone, he entered, chiefly through family influence, the "Administration des Domaines," or Land Estate Office. Finding that this position kept him too far from literary centres, he determined to study law, obtained his father's consent, and on Nov. 2, 1853, enrolled himself as a student at the Faculté de Droit in Paris. Having passed his examinations successfully, Theuriet was once more appointed to a post in the "Domaines," and once more found himself under the disagreeable necessity of leaving Paris for a village in the Department of the Haute-Marne. Utterly disgusted with the prosaic routine of his life as *fonctionnaire*, Theuriet seems now for a time to have left all literary efforts in abeyance. It was only a chance sight of his official predecessor, who had fallen into the lowest depths of moral and physical degradation, that ultimately roused him to the recognition of what he owed to himself. By an effort he sat down to a steady course of Goethe and Theocritus. It was not surprising that the Muse of the famous Sicilian should have exercised so profound a fascination on him. Heine, too, with whose "Buch der Lieder" he now became acquainted, commanded his admiration. He felt encouraged to return once more to his verses. The result was the completion of his "Poèmes de Poitou," which he, with much trepidation, sent to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. And now at last success was to attend his efforts: After every possible discouragement, from parents, friends, and editors, the goal he had so long desired and so manfully struggled to reach was his: François Buloz, the editor of the *Revue*, was "graciously pleased" to accept his poems. From this time forth he was free to follow his own inclinations; journalism, novel-writing, poetry, literary work of every kind was now open to him, and he definitely commenced that uninterrupted successful career which has to-day brought him to that goal of nearly all French literary aspirants—a seat among the Forty Immortals.

It is his poetry rather than his prose which has procured Theuriet this coveted honour. His novels, "Tentation," "Saurageonne," and



M. ANDRÉ THEURIET IN HIS STUDY.

Drawn by Miss Edith Fithian.

others, though they have met with a certain appreciation, would not of themselves have raised him to his present position.

M. Theuriet is by no means unknown in England; he enjoys the acquaintance of Sir Charles Dilke, and, I believe, of Mr. H. M. Stanley and his talented wife. Some of Mr. Stanley's drawings of London urchins, indeed, I have seen at the poet's house, Boisfleury, at Bourg-la-Reine. Though speaking English but slightly, his knowledge of English literature and admiration for English poetry are both considerable.

M.A. CANTAB.



## A T R A N D O M.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

*"We'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."*

Do any women sigh for the feminine sensibilities of the middle Victorian period, when girls were expected to swoon, weep, and otherwise comport themselves in accordance with the accepted code of propriety for the weaker vessels? Mrs. Humphry, in her "Manners for Women" (James Bowden), cheerfully acknowledges that the girl of to-day leads too healthy a life to have any inclination for tears. She does not even cry at her wedding, but has been known to adjust her bridal wreath and veil in the church-porch while her maid held the mirror. This self-possession may be carried too far, as in the case of Paulette, whose adventures in "Autour du Mariage" are not suitable for maiden meditation. As she knelt at the altar, Paulette's reflections would have paralysed the bridegroom had he known them, though, to be sure, that unlucky gentleman was sufficiently enlightened before he had been married a week. But there has come to the average English girl a certain hardening of the emotions, coincident with a passion for outdoor sports and great activity at meals. She is not so ready now with what rude younger brothers used to call the "waterworks." In early girlhood she is often not unlike Cissy Carter in Mr. Crockett's "Sir Toady Lion." At thirteen Cissy thrashes a boy two years her senior; but it is unlikely that, when she grows up, she will agitate for the equality of the sexes, and talk of enrolling a regiment of ladies for service in the field.

Mrs. Humphry holds the sensible opinion that the disappearance of the lachrymose damsel is no loss to society. But the typical girl with high spirits and a sound nervous system has her faults. For instance, she cannot laugh "melodious," as The Mulligan would say. (I learn, by the way, that superior persons at Cambridge, the University which had the honour of bringing up Mr. Arthur Pendennis in the way he ought not to have gone, no longer read Thackeray. Should this paragraph by any chance catch a condescending eye at that seat of learning, I hope it will revive the study of The Mulligan's opinions.) "A pretty, harmonious laugh," says Mrs. Humphry with regret, is rarely natural. She knows a lady who laughs on two soft contralto notes. This delightful effect was probably attained by indomitable practice, two hours a day for years. The poet who said that a low voice is an excellent thing in woman did not mean this, as some reformers have surmised, to be a mark of her subjection. Anne Hathaway's voice, I suspect, was a trifle shrill; but there is no reason why woman should not assert herself on two soft contralto notes like a persistent nightingale.

How many men can laugh in a rich, subdued baritone? Mrs. Humphry describes with much humour the various barbaric forms in which we express our hilarity. You will hear men laugh in the theatre or in the smoking-room with the accent of enraged peacocks. Hilarity, even the wildest, ought to be a well-regulated motion of the body, like Spanish dancing. You ought to laugh gracefully with the hips. I agree with Mrs. Humphry that the man who doubles himself up in convulsions is unworthy of a polished civilisation. Our primitive ancestors may have laughed like that; but if we do not improve on their example, what is the good of evolution? When lovely woman screams with laughter, even at your best story, you feel instinctively that the spheres are jangling, that there is a jar in the graceful merry-go-round of the solar system. To cure this, what man with a sensitive ear would not persuade his womenkind to laugh by scale, and, when the neighbours remonstrated, affably reply, "Oh, it's only my girls taking their laughing lesson!" If whole streets resounded with soft contraltos for two hours every morning, the piano-organ might be ruined by the competition, and the native of Saffron Hill reduced to some honest work. Why not have contralto parties with prizes for the most hilarious gurgling? When our young people are tired of making believe to be kangaroos, prancing to the strains of the "Washington Post," they may take up this idea with enthusiasm!

When will women discover how to dress their hair without hair-pins? Hair-pins, I understand from Mrs. Humphry, are the chief obstacles to feminine independence. "How truly fiendish a hair-pin can be no mere man can ever know. When it presses against the skull and produces a local nerve-torture of an indescribably vicious nature, a man might imagine that the easy thing would be to pull it out. . . . A woman feels so tremendously at a disadvantage if her hair is untidy. She cannot even argue till it is neat again." Is this really so? When women sit in the House of Commons, shall we read in the Parliamentary reports something like this: "The Leader of the Opposition spoke with brilliant effect till her hair came down, when she lost the thread of her speech

and resumed her seat amidst sympathetic murmurs, in which the right honourable ladies on the Treasury Bench cordially joined"? I do not make this suggestion in any miserable spirit of burlesque. "For if, in the withdrawal of that single pin," says Mrs. Humphry with genuine eloquence, "the whole bright coiffure should come tumbling down, ay! there's the rub!" Men continue to maintain that woman is constitutionally illogical and febrile, when they know nothing about that hair-pin pressing against her skull! Clearly, the woman who discovers how to make the stability of the "bright coiffure" automatic will sound the knell of man's vaunted supremacy in argument!

Mrs. Humphry does not stint her revelations. She lets us into the secrets of the woman's club, where there seems to be "a fine disregard of the rights of others" to the use of the looking-glass. "It is very aggravating, when one wants only the tiniest peep, just to see that all is neat and tidy, to be kept away for ever so long by someone who apparently needs half-an-hour's pulling together before she can consider herself fit to be seen." Think how much better that half-hour might have been spent in devising new arguments for women's suffrage! Sadder still is the admission that woman continues to dress irrationally merely to gratify the narrow, reactionary views of man. Tears have been abolished at weddings; soup is going out of fashion; you must not eat lobster-sauce with turbot. But some things are immutable. The dress of women is still governed by the whims of men, and even by the satire of street-boys. Mrs. Humphry is a keen and candid observer, and I do not venture to dispute with her about the peculiarities of her own sex. But may we not hope that the Parliamentary franchise will stimulate woman to dress as she pleases, to meet the scornful surprise of her husband with the dignity of an elector, to cut off her hair rather than yield to the tyranny of the hair-pin? What more practical corrective of her husband's wayward temper than to check his complaints about the dinner with a threat to vote against his party! Consider how the secrecy of the ballot may help many downtrodden women to avenge domestic injuries! Do you suppose that, on the eve of a general election, after the passing of womanhood suffrage, many keen politicians will venture to criticise the costumes of their wives, or refuse to pay the milliner's bill? I venture to say that the franchise in the hands of women, married or single, will be the most remarkable instrument for the social coercion of man that the world has ever seen. Heaven help him, unless the hair-pin holds its own!

The philosopher's stone has come to-life again in the reported success of an American chemist in transmuting silver to gold. I wish people would not circulate stories of this kind except in novels. When he reads them in prosaic newspapers, the impecunious man looks at his scanty store of sixpences, and, with the help of a December fog, sees them turning to the mellow hue of the half-sovereign! The vision is gone in a moment; he awakes to the dull, cold glitter of these wretched official bits of silver, and he registers a passionate vow to suffer no reduction of the discount off books. Evidently all attempts to shake that discount are stamped with failure. The public will have their threepence in the shilling from the bookseller, though they do not expect it from the confectioner or the theatrical manager. A sardonic critic remarks that people who buy ephemeral books already pay considerably more than their value, even with the discount. Well, nothing can be more ephemeral than the average theatrical entertainment; and yet, when you buy a stall, you do not want the obliging box-office to return you two-and-sevenpence-halfpenny out of your half-guinea. But the public have been so drugged with the discount off books that a net price, however small, is as hateful to them as milk to Mr. Eccles, pining for his morning gin.

From this you may infer that to buy books is unnatural. To borrow them is a native impulse, to steal them a secret joy. If you cannot acquire them by either means, you can go cheerfully without them, and read newspapers and magazines at the club. But, if caprice tempt you into a bookseller's, you will have your threepence. A bookseller who should offer fourpence would be hailed as a popular benefactor. All this philosophy, I confess, is quite easy to a writer who receives many of his books from the prodigal hands of authors and publishers. As I read Mr. Le Gallienne's paraphrase of Omar Kháyyám, and admire the delicate fancy and workmanship of that venturesome undertaking; as I follow the subtle thought of Mr. William Watson's "Hope of the World," feeling that a book is like his picture of man—

Child of a thousand chances 'neath the indifferent sky;

as I read the adventures of Mr. Joseph Conrad's "Nigger of the Narcissus," one of the most fascinating studies of seafaring life that I know, it is borne in upon me that the public craving for discount is the grovelling of mean instinct!

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



RATHER WINDY.





- MRS. VALLER : I wouldn't take a cup of cold water from she, not if I was dying !  
MRS. SNUDDEN : O' course not ; but, yer see, it 'ud be quite different if there was a little drop o' gin in it.



"I wish you'd get me a pair of skates, Pater."

"Pair of skates! What do you want with a pair of skates?"

"Oh, I say! Look here, Pater; you never used 'em for boxing-gloves or fishing-rods, did you, when you were a boy?"



## THE CURSE OF RINDERPEST.

The alarming outlook caused by the spread of the cattle-plague in Cape Colony a year ago seems to have improved since the systematic and careful application of the discovery of Koch, who was employed by the Cape Government to investigate the cause and treatment of the disease. Still, the ravages of the disease have been very severe. Parts of the country formerly teeming with cattle are now completely devastated. At the height of the epidemic the five hundred miles of road between Bulawayo and Mafeking were strewn with the carcasses of oxen which had succumbed to the plague. Hundreds of transport-waggons had to be left by the roadside, for the reason that an insufficient number of animals was left to draw them to their destinations. The place of oxen had to be taken by donkeys and mules, and in some places the price of cattle rose from six to sixty pounds sterling a-head. The root and rise of the plague seem to have been in India. A number of cattle were landed in Africa, opposite Aden, and here the disease broke out in 1889. In March 1896 the cattle round Mafeking fell victims, and the plague rapidly crossed the Limpopo River, and in a few weeks the whole of the Transvaal was under its influence. The passage of the Vaal and the destruction of the cattle in the Free State was a matter of weeks, in spite of the defensive measures adopted. Miles of fences were erected,



WALTER MARSHALL TAKING THE VIRUS FROM A DEAD RINDERPEST ANIMAL.



RINDERPEST VICTIMS BEING DRAGGED TO THEIR GRAVES.

and strict police supervision enforced, to prevent the passage of infected animals into uninfected areas. A thousand yards south of the Orange River a barbed-wire fence was put up, extending from the south-west border of Bechuanaland to the Basutoland frontier. Police were posted along the line, and the colonial side was carefully guarded for a distance of almost a thousand miles. The plague was kept at bay for four months, but at the end of this time it had penetrated into the colony and appeared in the cattle round Kimberley. The history of the way in which the disease entered the colony is interesting. A driver of a team of oxen found by the roadside an old sack containing some dried meat and a pair of bloodstained trousers. Without much regard to personal cleanliness, he put the latter on, and in a few days the leaders of his team sickened and died of the plague, and the remainder rapidly succumbed. The infected animals soon spread the disease to healthy cattle, and, as they were on the colonial side of the Free River, the means of transport of the infection was thus opened up, and the invasion of the whole colony, with the disastrous results which we know, was a matter of a very few weeks. In December 1896, Dr. Koch proceeded to the Cape and established himself in an experimental station erected by the De Beers Company at Kimberley. With the extraordinary insight which has distinguished all his work, he soon shed light on the chaos which had

existed, and he set himself the double task of isolating the cause of the disease and of elaborating a means whereby healthy animals could be rendered proof against the infection. In the solution of the first problem he failed, as many others had done before him. In regard to the prevention of the disease, his work was attended with success, and his discovery of the bile treatment for the prevention of cattle-plague is likely to prove of inestimable value in the combating of the disease. Taking the bile of animals which had recently succumbed to cattle-plague, he found that the injection into healthy animals of ten cubic centimetres sufficed to protect the latter. At the end of fourteen days they were able to withstand the injection of a large quantity of virulent rinderpest blood, which would otherwise have proved uniformly fatal. The gall-bladder is carefully cut out, and the bile removed and mixed with glycerine, and this is the material which is used for the preventive inoculation. After ten days the immunity produced is strengthened by a reinforcing injection of virulent blood, and in this way the protection is prolonged. For a time the reports of the results were disappointing, but with improved methods, and with the aid given by the owners of cattle, the most recent reports have been very favourable, and point to the conclusion that by the discovery of Koch thousands of animals which would otherwise have succumbed to the disease can be saved.



A GHASTLY CEMETERY: TRENCH IN WHICH THE DEAD VICTIMS ARE BURIED.

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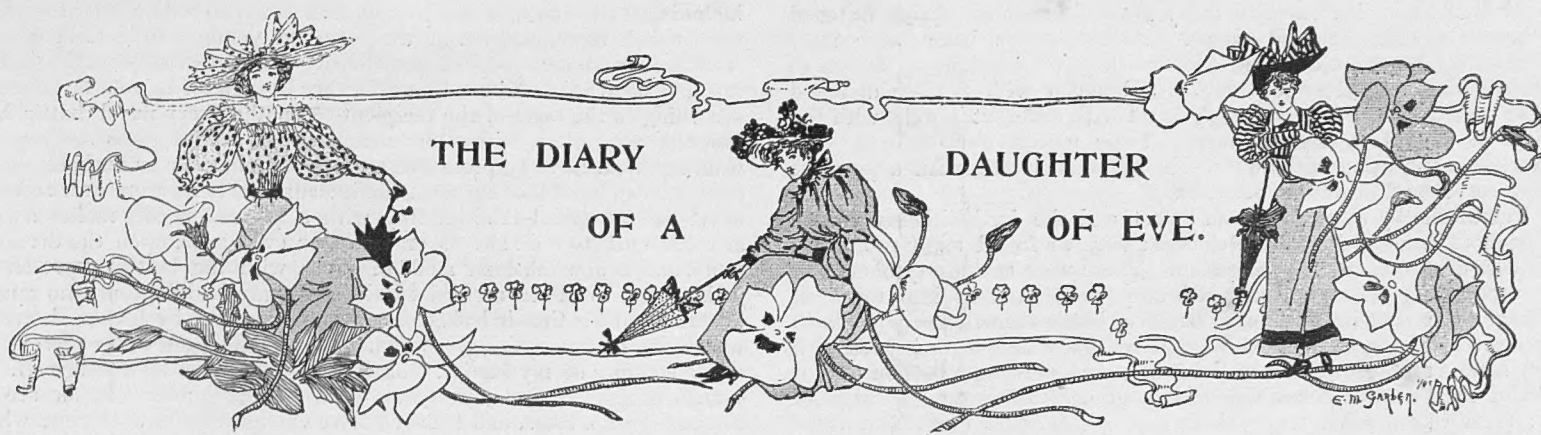


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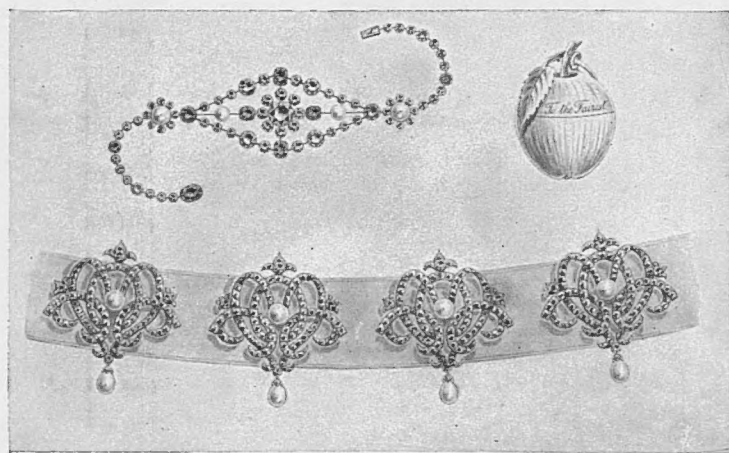
*Monday.*—I am so tired this morning I cannot write. I was up till four o'clock, and I feel as if I have been shopping ever since. The game was certainly worth the candle, which was burnt by Gertie's mother, who entertained in the most entertaining fashion many amiable persons, among them Virginia, who wore her black jet dress and spent the whole evening in trying to induce it to retain a proper, respectable position upon her shoulders. Why some dresses have a contempt for their wearers, and persist in trying to avoid their responsibility at every shrug, I know not, and I am going to seriously interview my frock and induce it to repent of its evil ways by means of a shaped strap. There were some very well-dressed women in the room last night, and it was a joy to see the cheery face of the hostess, all smiles and white curls. Every second gown was embellished with spangles, which made a geranium-hued chiffon, simply trimmed with gatherings and tuckings, a special joy to the eye. This was worn with a couple of black feathers in the hair, and had an air of distinction about it which gave me much pleasure.

Gertie was cheery in her jet gown lined with white, with a white chiffon sash and chemisette. A girl who sang to us with a voice from Heaven had on the ideal white satin in Princess style, with a few folds just below the bust, short sleeves, and a quaint armlet of nasturtium-coloured velvet. The best of the spangled dresses in the room was of white, with silver sequins all over it, cut into a square back and front, and worn with a large bunch of violets. The coiffure which completed this was a monument of modishness, consisting of a huge bunch of coils and curls right down the nape of the neck. Of such is to be the coiffure of the future. A beautiful dress worn by a matron was of black velvet, with a bodice of ivory lisse embroidered in many-coloured flowers and striped with black velvet ribbons.

It is very kind of people to give parties, but it is not very kind of Julia to call next morning at ten o'clock insisting that I should get up and go out with her to buy things for other women. If she would only offer me the inducement of a little gift for a good girl, I could bear her flattering desire for my company with resignation.

We went to Mappin and Webb's to look over the new jewellery, and I found an excellent brooch for bridesmaids. I am not in need of any

tied on to the handle with a ribbon. It is pleasingly cheap, too, so Mr. Virginia will not be ruined. They have so many pretty slides for velvet ribbons at Mappin and Webb's, made with a trellis of diamonds set in a frame of coloured enamel; in the shape of a fleur-de-lys, or a shamrock or a dragon-fly, these are alike successful. And an ornament which we agreed would be an excellent outlet for Arthur's generosity to



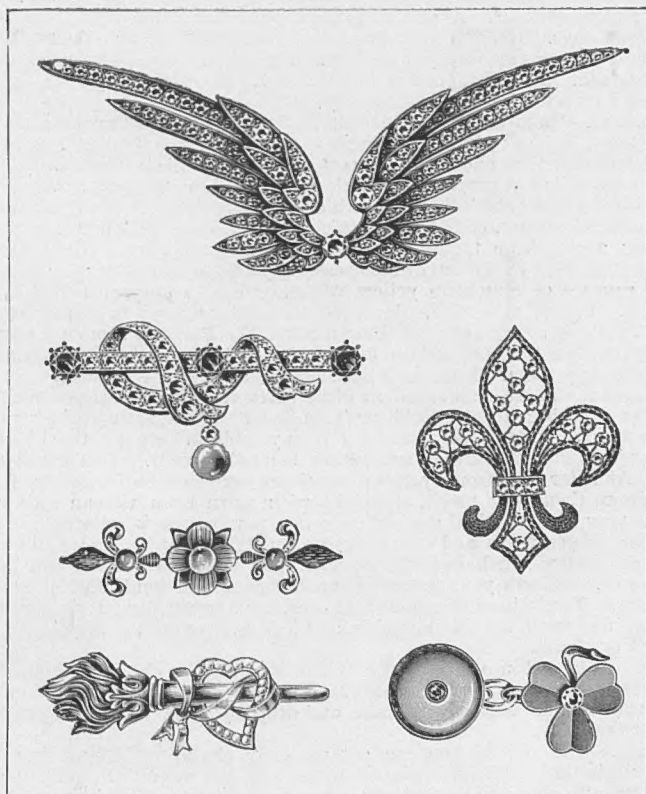
JEWELLERY AT BENSON'S.

his wife takes the form of two diamond wings, and can be worn either in the front of the hair or in the dress. I persuaded Julia that an excellent means towards this end was the purchase of a Christmas present for Arthur, so the sprat with which she proposes to catch her whale is a pair of sleeve-links. Mappin and Webb's have many pleasing designs in the like; a shamrock at the one side, with a round stud on the other, set with rubies and pearls, we chose ultimately, and then we wandered about looking at things generally, and feeling quite certain we deserved that someone should present us with every novelty. There is a brooch of most worthy detail formed of a bar of diamonds, with pearl and sapphire and emerald and ruby entwined with jewels, with a pendent pearl. It was really amiable of Mappin and Webb's to open a jewellery department, and it is a policy they pursue at 2, Queen Victoria Street, as well as at 158, Oxford Street.

We lunched at Verrey's, in company with many other equally wise women who have discovered that this is one of the restaurants in the West End where they can feed well and be served with despatch. I refused to go on shopping after lunch, I was too tired, although Julia upbraided me fiercely, and said I was always complaining. She was only silent when I replied that I would sooner be complaining than complained about—her invariable lot.

*Wednesday.*—There is a break in my clouds; there's a glimpse of blue sky, as the poet has it, but it is at Bournemouth, and I am not going to enjoy it till next week. However, it is a cheery spot in my future which makes my present—my Christmas present—the more alluring. Writing of Christmas presents reminds me that among the most excellent, and the most acceptable is a bottle of Atkinson's White Rose perfume. This is not a last rose of summer, and ought not to be left blooming alone, for it should be neatly packed with two other bottles of the same perfume in a satin box. Atkinson's have such pretty satin boxes—I was in at 24, Old Bond Street, this morning gazing at them—daintily painted they are, and of most pleasing aspect. Other pleasing things at Atkinson's are their Aoline toilet soaps, and their sachets also of Aoline, which is a perfume made from flowers and most refreshing. These sachets may be bought for one shilling a packet. Aoline is a new perfume this year, and Freesia is also new and nice; while their Stephanotis and Wood Violet linger pleasantly in the memory and on the pocket-handkerchief.

I was lured over the way from Atkinson's to No. 25 by Benson's gorgeous window, dressed in scarlet velvet and glittering with a thousand jewels. Benson's have a new design for Christmas brooches, made of two crackers enamelled, and tied with a diamond knot. And their latest thing in charms is most significant, in the shape of an apple inscribed "To the Fairest"; it suggests itself as an ideal offering from the Paris of our modern dreams. It is well modelled, and it is large enough to contain a powder-puff or some sweets. The latest cry of fashion in



BROOCHES AND LINKS AT MAPPIN AND WEBB'S.

bridesmaids, but I found their brooch. It is not necessary, I believe, first to catch your brooch and then to look for your bridesmaid. However, the first part of the programme I have accomplished to my satisfaction. The brooch is Hymen's torch in gold, with a pearl heart



jewelled necklaces is formed of many rows of diamond chains fastened at intervals with diamond clasps. And Benson's have some most superlatively beautiful diamond slides with pearl pendants to fix on to neck-ribbons. Another joy here is a bracelet with flexible diamond links; and yet another good bangle is set with different jewels, with the centre in openwork, lozenge-shape. Their newest muff-chain is very attractive, alternating with an "8" in coloured enamel, with a pearl at either corner and pearls set between.

I met Julia by chance in Bond Street, and she forthwith invited me to lunch at Prince's, for a little change; here we found many prominent members of the theatrical profession. There were two pretty blouses in the room, one, of cherry-coloured crêpe-de-Chine, set into tucks in V-shape, striped at intervals with bands of black satin ribbon piped with white satin. The other was of Wedgwood blue glacé, turning back with ivory satin revers covered with Irish lace, and showing a chiffon cravat. Most of the hats which had the honour of decorating the fair were of fur: there was a sable toque, there was a chinchilla toque, and there

including a shaving-dish and powder-box in silver, with a little medallion upon which the monogram of the favoured young man is to be placed. And there was a new shape of scent-bottle, with pierced silver at the pointed top, and wide at the base. It could either be used for liqueur or for scent, according to the taste of the recipient. Another very novel bottle here was of chased glass, with silver mount and a chased glass stopper. A walking-stick, fit to be presented to anybody's brother or husband, had a carved ivory hand holding a cricidolite ball, and there were ever so many novel match-boxes. A silver tray with a pierced border makes a most attractive gift to hold sweets or fruits, or even pins, upon the dressing-table, and a new inkstand made of silver, with the bottles representing jockey-caps in silver, seemed ideal for Jimmy Luddington, who spends the whole of his time in losing money he has not got by backing horses of which he knows nothing. When I have exhausted every present for every member of my family, I shall take to the bottle for myself. It sounds dangerous, but these new ones at Alexander Clark's are so decorative on a table, and I never have enough bottles or boxes, which reminds me of a very decorative stationery-box here of tortoiseshell, with chased silver corners. A blotting-book is made to match this, and the set is altogether very attractive to a mere scribbler, or to anyone else with an eye for beauty.

#### TO MY CORRESPONDENTS.

SENECA.—I have just heard of a most remarkable bargain, which would form quite a delightful Christmas present. Labern, of Stoke Newington, will send any reader of this paper a box of six bottles of assorted scents of the very best quality on the receipt of nine stamps. This seems an opportunity not to be missed. You might give each of those children a box of these scents—children adore such luxuries.

ZELIE.—I am very sorry you have had to wait for your reply, but really these columns have been so full for the last two weeks, and alas! they are not elastic. One of the best places in London for evening gloves is Marshall and Snelgrove's in Oxford Street. I have bought mine there for years—all, indeed, that I do not buy from Paris. They are an excellent shape, and they are by no means dear. White suède I like for evening wear, and either very light grey or biscuit-coloured suède looks very nice with a black gown. For daytime tabac-brown suède I find wears best, although many people in London are still wearing the white chevette. I am tired of these; we wore nothing else last year, and I have a prejudice against adopting the same fashion two consecutive seasons. Have a chinchilla toque trimmed with grey ostrich feathers and rosettes of turquoise-blue velvet.

DESDEMONA.—There is a wonderful sale proceeding at Kate Reilly's, 11, Dover Street. It commenced on Dec. 14, and it includes, among other most desirable garments, a white cloth bodice tucked by hand, with much elaborate silken hem-stitching in front, followed by a pattern in narrow velvet ribbon lined and belted with rose-pink silk, at a price of two and a-half guineas. It is one of the cheapest things I have ever seen, and is exactly what you want. I am quite glad to know of it for your advantage. You will find many things to suit you at Kate Reilly's.

CIGARETTE.—Can you not twist that hat up into a toque by putting a wire round the brim and trimming it round the crown with a scarf of black chiffon fastened into rosettes at one side, with a diamond ornament and a couple of ostrich feathers, the one setting up, the other lying down on your hair? Then it would be quite fashionable.

EDYTHA.—I am so glad to hear from you again. The best French hair-dresser I know, and I note that you are particular to have a French one, is Dubosch, 285, Regent Street. He is really clever, and I think he will come to you for seven-and-six. I promise you he won't insist upon waving your hair, for he told me only the other day of a coiffure he had accomplished without the irons. The best way of scenting your underclothes is with packets of sachet-powder in every cupboard and drawer. A very favourite powder of mine is Rhine Violet, from the Dépôt 4711, 62, New Bond Street. This costs half-a-crown a packet, and is really excellent. A small bag filled with the same should be stitched inside your stays. Keep to the same scent, whatever it is you select. You can get Peau d'Espagne also from this dépôt. I have not been skating with industry this year; that fiend rheumatism has prevented me, and every time I go as a spectator I regret my enforced inactivity.

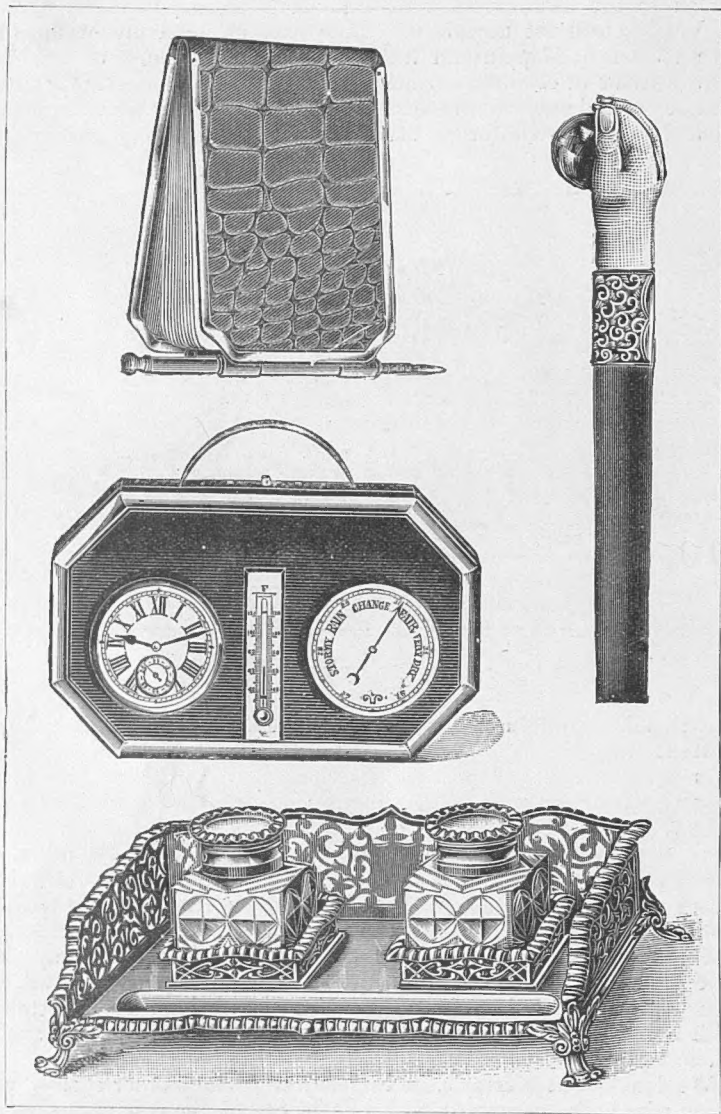
WISTERIA.—Take that sealskin coat to the Grafton Fur Company, 164, New Bond Street, and ask them to convert it into a Russian blouse, replacing the turn-down collar with one which turns up, and lining this inside with chinchilla. Have a narrow belt of grey suède buckled with steel, a lining of soft grey satin, and one of the new chinchilla muffs, which you may discover to perfection at the Grafton Fur Company, edged with a thick fur frill, lined with a frill of soft silk and lace; a chinchilla toque, if you desire it, by all means. You can easily render it becoming by flowers or rosettes of any colour that suits you; bunches of violets, rosettes of Mandarin yellow velvet, or bright chrysanthemums, would look well. I find, as a rule, black ostrich feathers more becoming to a fair woman than grey. The diamond slides are from the Parisian Diamond Company, 143, Regent Street. They obtain in a dozen different patterns and in any size you like to buy them. I think I have answered all your questions.

DOROTHEA.—There is an excellent glacé shirt tucked and striped with openwork hem-stitching at Peter Robinson's, in Oxford Street, in any colour you may like, for 28s. 6d. This really strikes a happy medium between the blouse and the shirt, and is quite fitted for wearing beneath a coat. You could not do better. At Peter Robinson's you can get those ties you mention for 3s. 6d., and I do admire them very much, especially when worn by a woman with a long neck; a very short-necked woman does not, perhaps, look so well under their influence. If you write to Peter Robinson, in Oxford Street, they will send you a sheet of pictures, including this special shirt to which I refer, and you can easily see if it will suit you, or perhaps on the page you would find another you like better. Don't have skunk on that coat, have smoke fox; it is much more becoming, and much more fashionable, and it is innocent of the displeasing odour possessed by skunk.

MIRA.—Why not use Atkinson's White Rose, to be obtained from 24, Old Bond Street, or, indeed, any chemist's? Have it put in a bottle with a small screw at the top, so that it will come out drop by drop. You really could not do better than this.

MURIEL.—Yes, indeed, you can get perfectly charming blouses from Peter Robinson's, in Oxford Street, at less than the sum you mention. Write to them, and ask them to send you a sheet of their newest designs; they have several in a combination of chiffon and lace or chiffon and sequins. I prefer the former. For the black coat lined with silk, follow your own suggestion and go to John Simmons, 35, Haymarket. He will make it for you for four guineas. Esmé is my own pet milliner, but she is, of course, dear; at the same time, she is quite excellent. You addressed your letter quite rightly, as you will, no doubt, guess when you see this answer.

VIRGINIA.



NOVELTIES OF THE ALEXANDER CLARK MANUFACTURING COMPANY.

was an ermine toque trimmed with the inevitable two rosettes and two feathers. The monotony of the millinery of the moment is appalling—so, indeed, is the monotony of the coats of the hour. These are all Russian, they all have jewelled belts, and they are all made of one fur, with the collar lined with a contrasting fur. It is a good style enough, but when you meet thirty-five of it in one room you feel that there is not much truth in the accusation that often woman alters.

Friday.—Florrie, in the agonies of ordering a new opera-cloak, which is to be the best ever made, came here this morning and, in order to enlist my services with proper enthusiasm, presented me with a large box of Vinolia Soap. This is not exactly what I should call polite of Florrie, having always flattered myself that in cleanliness, at least, was I very near godliness. Vinolia Soap is a joy, and I have a passion for receiving useful presents. She told me that, as she remembered my peculiar affection for Vinolia Violet Powder and all the toilet accessories marked "Vinolia," she thought she would indulge my fancies and make me sufficiently amiable to tramp the streets with her about her new coat. She was quite right—I am easily soft-soaped, especially with Vinolia: there is a persuasiveness about its texture which can induce me to even greater steps than the one to the door of my coupé, which took us to Jay's about that coat. I shall give away every detail of Florrie's coat next week, but this week I have promised to keep it a secret.

We went into the Alexander Clark Manufacturing Company, lured by the glittering silver in the window of 188, Oxford Street, and found many presents suited for mere man, among them an excellent little case,



## CITY NOTES.

*The next Settlement begins on Dec. 28.*

## MONEY.

Though nothing of consequence has happened on the Money Market during the week, it still retains the power which for months it has exercised of preventing any speculative activity in the Stock Markets. There is a stereotyped theory that a rise in the Bank Rate produces a fall in the prices of stocks. So it would in the cases of those kinds of securities which are simply locked up for the temporary employment of floating capital; but experience has always shown that a rise in the Bank Rate to anything like a normal and healthy level—say, 4 per cent.—tends to stimulate activity rather than to discourage it. For years the active markets have been hindered by the bogey of dearer money coming. If it does come this fear will be removed, and speculators and speculative investors will know where they are. One thing that keeps such persons off the market is that they know from the money articles in the daily papers that foreign exchanges have a great deal to do with Bank of England and other discount rates. But nine out of ten, we venture to say, would find it difficult to tell whether the announcement of a fall in the Berlin discount rate is likely to raise or decrease discount rates here. As a matter of fact, the rates would normally move together, always, of course, excepting special circumstances.

## LOUISVILLE AND NASHVILLE.

One of the features of the Yankee Market lately has been the activity displayed in the shares of this company. Considerable support

strike to take place about Christmas, and dislocate the holiday passenger traffic. But there is still noticeable a strong undercurrent of buying of the stocks of the heavy lines, and this is very natural, seeing that the traffics continue first-class, and that, with the strike danger out of the way, and the difficulty in the cotton trade obviated, they are likely to continue good. The totals, as we pointed out last week, are already quite sufficient to ensure higher dividends for the current half-year, whatever happens, and, though Money Market rates continue to harden, there is nothing in the movement as yet beyond what we are accustomed to as the end of the year approaches. We are not over-sanguine as to a maintenance for a long time of the present levels of market values, but everything points to their being fairly well maintained until the turn of the year, particularly in the case of the goods lines. The present wretched weather is naturally having a somewhat detrimental effect on passenger stocks.

## OUR AFRICAN LETTER.

From Johannesburg the following interesting account of two important mines reaches us—

## WOLHUTER MINE.

The Wolhuter has recently come conspicuously before the public by the rapid advance in the shares from 60s. to £6 in a few weeks, and by the subsequent declaration of a 10 per cent. dividend, equal to 8s. on the £4 share. This handsome distribution has been rendered possible—now that the directors have apparently for the time being abandoned the idea of augmenting the battery and equipping the deep-level claims—by a substantial reduction in working costs during the past twelve months, and concurrently by an increased yield from the ore milled. The campaign in favour of lower costs has been going on from the very first days of the Rand, and all the older mines can point to a steady lowering of expenses year by year. A twelvemonth ago something like a combined assault was made upon costs, to bring them appreciably lower still, and the result is that the Wolhuter, like most of the other first-class mines, is to-day working at something like a 20 per cent. reduction in gross costs, as the following abstract shows—

	1896.			1897.		
	Gross costs per ton.			Gross costs per ton.		
	s.	d.		s.	d.	
May ...	28	0	...	24	5	
June ...	27	11½	...	22	10	
July ...	26	7	...	23	3	
August ...	25	7½	...	22	9	
September ...	26	7	...	21	11	

These figures are eloquent. But let the Home investor carefully note that the reduction from 26s. 7d. per ton in September '96 to 21s. 11d. in September last is the achievement of the Wolhuter management, in common with the action of other leading managements. While the Wolhuter has reduced its costs 4s. 8d. per ton, and other mines have generally done as well, the Boer Government has talked much about economic reforms, made promises galore, but its contribution to the 4s. 8d. is absolutely nil.

As regards the yield, this has not varied much at the Wolhuter in recent years. In 1895 the old battery crushed 70,043 tons, realising an average of 39s. 10d. per ton. Last year, with a larger battery at work, 139,273 tons were milled, yielding an average of 33s. 6d. per ton. In recent months this has been improved upon, chiefly by the sorting out of a larger proportion of barren rock.

	Yield per ton.		Costs per ton.		Profit per ton.		Total profit.
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	
June ...	37	7	22	10	14	9	9,596
July ...	38	7	23	3	15	4	10,338
August ...	37	10	22	9	15	1	10,297
September ...	38	7	21	11	16	8	11,533

Provided native labour is plentiful, profits ought to be maintained at from £10,000 to £11,000 per month for a long time to come. But, naturally, these will depend on the yield and costs, which, again, may be influenced by labour and a variety of causes. The widening of the reefs in the lower levels has favourably affected costs, and this is an important factor. About one-third of the ore now being milled is taken from the South Reef, a body of ore varying from several inches up to two feet in thickness.

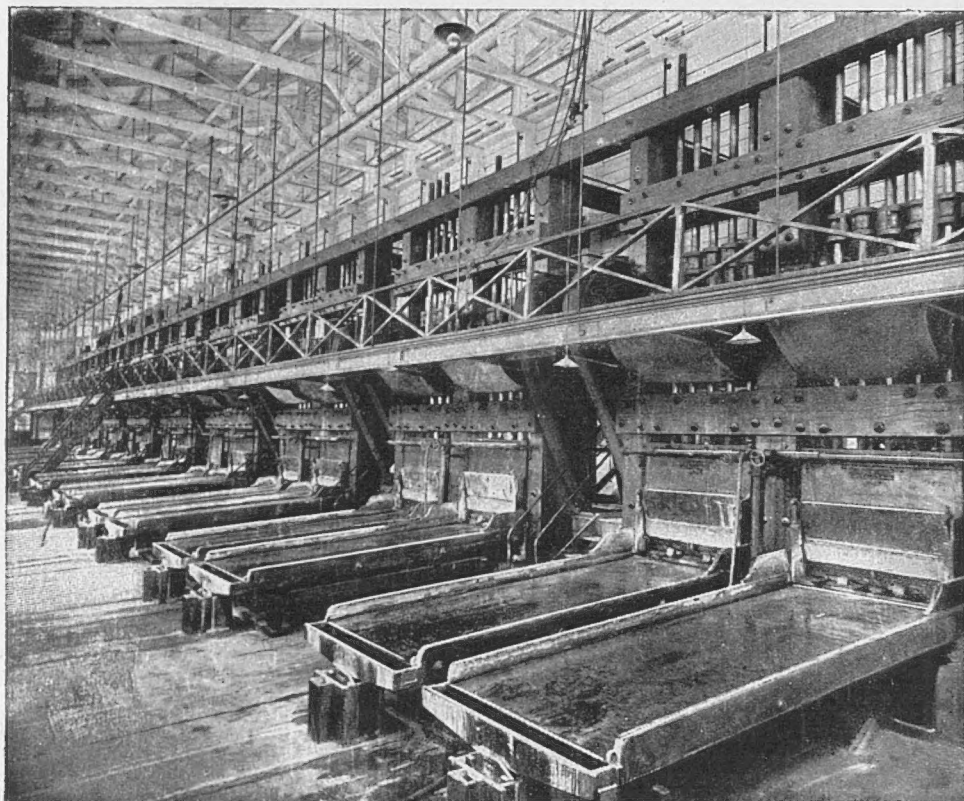
The remaining two-thirds are taken from the Main Reef and the leader, the proportion having been established in order to maintain an average grade. The average assay value of the three reefs is about 13 dwt., of which nearly an 80 per cent. extraction is obtained by amalgamation and cyanide.

It is not to be supposed that the whole of the large mining area owned by the company will prove equally rich. The block of deep-level claims on the dip of the Spes Bona Mine can hardly be expected to yield better ore than the outcrop property. It will become a question by-and-by how this section of the Wolhuter is to be worked—operations having being temporarily suspended with the sinking of a vertical shaft to the reef at a depth of slightly under 1000 feet. Another question to be decided, probably at the same time, is that of increased stamping-power, which is warranted by the state of the mine—300,000 tons of ore being developed, equal to two years' supply for 100 stamps.

As to the life of the mine, the company has still 154 claims to exhaust, excluding 9 already worked out and 15 claims used as bewaarplaatsen and water-rights. The contents of a claim on the central portion of the Rand average 33,000 tons of ore. In portions of the Wolhuter property, for example, where there are six feet of Main Reef, with two feet of South Reef, the ore contents must considerably exceed this; but, on the other hand, the ground on the dip of the Spes Bona will not show so much as 33,000 tons per claim. Probably an average of from 36,000 to 38,000 tons for the entire property is a safe estimate, and, taking the mean of 37,000 tons, this would represent a total of 5,698,000 tons in the 154 claims still to mine, giving thirty-six or thirty-seven years' work for 100 stamps. But, of course, the mill will be greatly enlarged, and the ultimate life of the mine must depend on the number of stamps added. We reproduce a photo of the stamps, boxes, and plates of the Wolhuter battery.

## NEW STEYN ESTATE.

This company holds a large area of deep—very deep—level ground in the Rooipoort district. Some time ago the directors abandoned the idea of sinking shafts, as would be necessary to a depth of 4000 or even 5000 feet, while mining conditions in the Transvaal remain unfavourable. But the day will come again when a serious attempt will be made to prove the value of the property, and



THE WOLHUTER BATTERY.

*Photo by Duffus Brothers, Johannesburg.*

has been given by Wall Street, on the strength, it is said, of refunding suggestions, but it is somewhat difficult to realise how the company, in its present condition, can effect any scheme for the reduction of interest. The funded debt of the company on June 30 amounted to 86,724,660 dollars, and the Common stock to 52,709,120 dollars. The net receipts for the twelve months ending June 30 amounted to 6,526,222 dollars, which compares with 6,885,505 dollars for the corresponding period of last year, or a decrease of 359,283 dollars. The traffic returns during the current year have been progressing very satisfactorily, the aggregate increase to Oct. 21 over the corresponding period of 1896 being no less than 406,398 dollars. The total mileage of the company is 2975. The highest and lowest prices recorded in the shares for 1896 were 56¼ and 38¾ respectively, while the highest point they have touched this year has been 65¼. The price at the time of writing is about 58¾, which we consider ridiculously high, seeing that the company has not recently indulged in dividends, and, as far as we can see, it is extremely problematical whether it will resume doing so within a measurable distance of time. The proportion of its expenses to gross receipts is very heavy, the former absorbing, for the year to June last, 13,835,434 dollars out of a total of 20,361,656 dollars, or practically 68 per cent.

## HOME RAILS.

The cheerfulness in the Home Railway Market which prevailed during the early part of last week has been somewhat upset at the time of writing for no very clear reason. Possibly a good deal of it is due to the reaction from the excitement caused by the threat of a railway-men's



with any such departure there must necessarily come a call upon the shareholders or the public for a trifling half-million or so. This by way of a start. More will ultimately be required, if the property is to be exploited properly; but before anything is attempted, the directors will probably have satisfied themselves by one means or another of the value of the Rand reefs at a depth of 4000 or 5000 feet vertical. At present nothing is known beyond 3300 feet, and that at a different point of the Rand. Meanwhile the company is nothing else than a trust company, and its shares fluctuate with the price of Rand Mines, Limited, of which it holds a moderate parcel at £30. It also holds Jumpers at £7 (now £5), Vogelstruis Deep at 40s. (now 10s), Village Mains, Princess Estates, &c.

#### THE DUNLOP POSITION.

The result of the action brought by the Dunlop Company against the Tubeless Tyre Company is calculated to make the holders of shares in the big concern seriously consider their position and prospects. The exact length and breadth of the Dunlop Company's patents is now pretty well defined, and, by a series of careful and considered judgments from many eminent Judges, it is possible for inventors to gauge with reasonable accuracy how the Welch and Bartlett patents can be evaded. The Ixion case clearly showed the limit to which the Welch patent could be stretched, and now the Tubeless (Fleuss) case has defined the extent to which the Bartlett monopoly can be carried. The seriousness of the position from the point of view of the Dunlop shareholders is not so much that two satisfactory ways of fastening on a detachable tyre are now judicially pronounced to exist uncovered by the Dunlop patents, as that the paths on which inventors must work have been clearly pointed out. If the Ixion tyre is no infringement of Welch, then the whole of the sliding automatic band attachments are safe; if the Fleuss tyre is not within Bartlett's patent, then every form of tubeless tyre is safe from attack by the Dunlop Company.

The cost of production of a pair of good pneumatic tyres is about 25s.; to pay dividends on its five millions of capital the Dunlop Company is, or thinks it is, obliged to charge over £3 a pair for the article, and, so long as it was possible to prevent anybody else from cutting rates, the maintenance of that price could perhaps be secured; but with even limited competition the wildest dreamer can hardly suppose such an excessive profit can be maintained, because to live, or, at least, to pay dividends, on five millions of capital, the Dunlop Company cannot afford to only cater for the select few who will pay any price for the best article, but must bid for the support of the million, to whom 30s. on the price of a bicycle is a matter of vital importance.

If the matter stopped here there would indeed be food for reflection among the holders of deferred shares, but there appears to be every prospect of a number of applications being made under the Patents Act for compulsory licences to manufacture under the Welch and Bartlett patents, which, if successful even in one or two cases, would mean a complete breakdown of the monopoly hitherto enjoyed by the Dunlop Company. The deputation of cycle manufacturers who waited on the Board of Trade last week looks very like business, nor was Sir Courtenay Boyle's reply likely to discourage the making of at least a test application.

The Dunlop Company will always have a good business unless, by grasping after too much, the directors carry the policy of exasperation to dangerous limits; but the days of practical monopoly appear as if they were over, and, with them, all prospect of big dividends on the deferred shares.

"Patents and goodwill £4,261,000" is not a pretty asset on the credit side of any balance-sheet, much less in that of a company which has sustained two serious defeats in the Law Courts in the last six months.

#### THE CHARTERED MEETING.

The strange disinclination of the directors of this empire-building company to face their shareholders is getting quite amusing. A couple of years ago we were told that it was not advisable to meet for fear of prejudicing the trial of Dr. Jameson and his officers; then that it would be well to wait for the suppression of the Matabele revolt; and now that it is well to postpone the meeting until after the proposals of the Government for the future administration of Rhodesia are received; meanwhile, the last accounts which anyone except a director has seen were made up to March 1895—or two years and nine months ago—and the Board do not even think it necessary to offer an excuse for holding back the balance-sheet.

What wonder that the shares dwindle from day to day, and that a market in which ten or twenty thousand shares could be sold without attracting attention, cannot absorb a miserable five hundred without making all the jobbers uncomfortable and putting prices down for the day!

#### A PITCH COMPANY.

You may not be able to touch pitch without being defiled; but, if all we hear about the issue of £400,000 6 per cent. debentures by a company for dealing with this interesting article from the inexhaustible supply furnished by the great pitch lake in the island of Trinidad be true, there will be a scramble to secure allotments. It is said that the deposit has been worked by the predecessors in title of the issuing company for eight or nine years, that the profits certified by Messrs. Turquand, Young, and Co. have averaged about £70,000 a-year, and that the debentures are a most attractive investment. We have not yet seen the prospectus, but those of our readers who want a good rate of interest and reasonable security had better keep their eyes open for it.

#### ISSUES.

The British America Corporation.—We noticed this issue about a fortnight ago, when we were able to give an account of what it was going to be. As the allotment is confined to shareholders in the London and Globe, it will be no use for outsiders to apply. Of course, it will be oversubscribed.

Aux Classes Laborieuses is a company with a capital of £625,000, divided into 75,000 Seven per Cent. Preference Shares of £5 each, and 250,000 Ordinary Shares of £1 each. Only the Preference Shares are offered for subscription, and the lists will be opened in Paris and London simultaneously. The business is that of drapers, furnishers, and general providers, carried on in Paris and several other places. The profits have been £62,000 in 1895, and £76,000 in 1896, according to the French accountant. Only £26,000 is necessary to pay the Preference interest, which seems well secured.

The Welsbach Incandescent Gas Light Company, Limited.—This great and much-talked-of amalgamation of the various incandescent gas companies has at length been brought about under the chairmanship of Sir Henry Burdett, late of the London Stock Exchange. The capital is £3,500,000, divided into three classes of shares—Preference and Ordinary and Deferred, of which only the first two are offered for subscription. According to the auditors, the profits of the amalgamated concerns for last year were £209,808, so that the preference interest and 7 per cent. upon the ordinary share appears amply covered. The business has hitherto been of such a progressive nature that it is not unreasonable to look for even larger profits than heretofore.

Coombe, Wood, and Co., Limited, is formed to exploit a timber business in Perth and Coolgardie. The capital is £180,000, half in 7 per cent. pref. shares and half in ordinary shares. It seems to us that the purchase price is out of all reason. The business is one established but a short time; only one year's profits are spoken to by the accountants, no valuation of assets is given, so that, except some stock, we may assume there are none, and yet the price is fixed at £129,000, or over five years' purchase, for the goodwill of a Colonial saw-mill. No private buyer would think of paying half this sum, and we strongly urge our readers not to become subscribers. What a blessing to promoters that good old rule about two-thirds of an issue being unconditionally allotted to the public before the Stock Exchange will grant a quotation has become! Whether there is the least chance of getting into the Official List or not, the promoter can always trot it out as a good excuse for not taking more shares.

The City and Suburban Dairies, Limited, with a capital of £130,000, is another concern to which no wise man would subscribe. These amalgamations of a number of small shops or little milk-walks are, as a rule, most unsatisfactory, and this affair is doubly so, both from the auditors' certificate and the paragraph in the prospectus which gives the directors power to proceed with the deal without taking over all the businesses. It may very well be that a milk business in Hampstead or Stepney enables a dairyman to make a modest £500 a-year as long as he looks after it; but it is quite unsuited to form one branch of a big organisation, and in this case the average profits of the businesses to be acquired are of about this figure. We should be sorry to hold either class of share, bearing in mind the experiences people have had in the case of the Metropolitan and Provincial Stores and kindred enterprises.

The Smithfield Markets Electric Supply Company, Limited, is an enterprise which appears to offer a fair opportunity for reasonably safe investment in which the investor may well hope to increase his capital, and meanwhile receive a moderate return on his outlay. The area served is compact, the demand is sure to be a growing one, and we see no reason why the estimates given in the prospectus should not be exceeded. We like both the shares and debentures of the company, especially the shares.

For advertisements of prospectuses see overleaf; also page 288.

Saturday, Dec. 11, 1897.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

ASK.—(1) Both shares you name are fair industrial risks. We prefer Jay's, but it is a matter of opinion. (2) It is said that this business is well maintained, but the shares represent nothing but goodwill.

M. T.—We never heard of the company you name, and the books of reference do not mention it. You are liable for the last call, and can be made to pay it; so it is not much use discussing the question of whether it is throwing good money after bad.

CONSTANT READER.—No; don't touch the shares.

C. M.—Nobody could call the bonds a high-class security. The coupons have been met; but to do this each year a transfer has been made from the Subsidy Trust Fund to supplement the earnings. The bonds are a first charge, and nobody behind them gets anything. You cannot expect "a sound investment" at the price.

FOOLISH.—See this week's Notes. The result of the case is certainly a matter of serious importance to the shareholders.

F. R. H.—The first six companies named by you are all fair industrial risks. If you spread your money over these, you will have a very fair list. We would rather not pronounce an opinion on No. 7.

DYN.—(1) We are told the company is doing very well. (2) If you are prepared to put the shares away and not mind fluctuations in price, you would come out on the right side in the long run. (3) Sell what you get. (4) Rather buy than sell.

S. H. M.—Both companies you mention are good of their kind. The danger with bicycle shares is not what you seem to suppose, but that the output has been so increased that there may not be a demand for the enormous extra number of machines which will be produced if all the factories work full time, and as a result prices will come down. In our opinion the danger is a real one.

J. C.—As a speculation you might buy the Yankees back. We should prefer to buy Northern Pacific for a gamble.

FAINT HEART.—We believe the people behind the companies you write about to be a band of brigands.

FOUISG.—You can clearly do nothing until the liquidator has made up his mind whether the reconstruction is going through or not; for the form of your notice was to abandon the scheme or pay the value of your shares. Leave the matter over till the new year, and then get a solicitor to write a letter for you.

ADAM.—We bought for ourselves Continental Union Gas stock this week—we can only advise you to do the same with your £1000.

#### NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the offices of the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, New Zealand.